LOOKING FORWARD

REGULAR readers of the Outlook will notice in this issue that beginning with the original cartoon by Robert James Malone—which will hereafter be a regular weekly feature—the Trend of Events, including Backstage in Washington, now heads the magazine. Follow the longer special articles which formerly held the opening places, and after these come the regular contributors and the Leisure Arts section.

PRIMARILY this change has been made because the magazine is now one day closer on the heels of the news than formerly. Going to press early Wednesday morning, it reaches eastern newsstands on Friday. The Trend of Events thus acquires a greater freshness and value than was possible under our previous printing arrangements, and makes natural its further reinforcement by the addition of Mr. Malone's original cartooning abilities.

ALREADY well known for his work in *The New York Times, The Baltimore Sun, Town and Country* and other publications—his etching *The Bull Rider* was selected as one of the "Fine Prints of 1929"—Mr. Malone's sympathy with and understanding of the Outlook's point of view logically makes him its cartoonist.

LEST any interested reader think that this new arrangement means that the feature articles will suffer, either in quality or quantity, we hasten to whisper the fact that our present plans include the presentation of an even greater variety of such articles than have appeared during the past year. The Trend of Events treats those happenings and personalities which the Editors consider it indispensable not only to know about, in a news sense, but to understand with the help of informed comment. But the longer articles deal not only with the more important of these subjects, but also with situations and personalities which lie behind the news and are often ignored entirely by the strictly news journals. The Outlook would not be the Outlook without them.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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EDITORS
Francis Rufus Bellamy
John T. Hackett Carl C. Dickey
ASSOCIATES
William T. Adee Malcolm W. Davis
Helen Chandler Rodman Gilder

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An old skipper views a growing fleet

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
October 15, 1930

The Trend of Events

Royal Betrothal

THE recently announced betrothal of Princess Giovanna of Italy and King Boris of Bulgaria recalls the days when diplomats used royal brides in place of paper battleships. Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs and Romanoffs are out of the present-day picture, but King Victor Emmanuel has done well by Mussolini in giving his daughter to Boris. The match may strengthen the ties between Italy and Bulgaria, to the great advantage of Italy and to the special discomfort of France. Yet, in the fact that Boris is thirty-six while Giovanna is twenty-three, the Italians see nothing but romance, the capitulation of the Bachelor King and, says one Italian newspaper, "a sweet episode of love," begun in the Italian lake country.

But love match or Mussolinian strategy, the engagement did not come easily. First there were the marriage-makers, looking narrowly at Boris and his 5,000,000 Bulgarians. Next there was Queen Marie, who wanted Boris saved for Ileana. Then there were White Russians, who wanted him saved for the daughter of the Grand Duke Cyril. Finally, there was the Church at Rome. Naturally, the Pope demanded a pledge that the children would be Roman Catholics. Just as naturally, Boris remembered that, according to his country's constitution, Bulgarian kings must profess the Greek Orthodox state religion. The upshot of this—say some reports which are denied by others—was an agreement that the first child should be brought up as a Greek Orthodox Catholic, the others as Roman Catholics.

At any rate the sweet episode of love can now develop into the sweet episode of marriage. It would be fitting, but probably not feasible, for Mussolini to attend the wedding in the costume of Cupid.

Two Hoover Speeches

FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, President Hoover made no fewer than four public speeches between October 2 and October 7. He delivered the first before the American Bankers' Association at Cleveland, the second and third at the American Legion and American Federation of Labor conventions in Boston four days later, and the fourth next day at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Kings Mountain.

The addresses at the Legion convention and at Kings Mountain make practically no contribution to current thought. One might classify them roughly as the spiritual-values type of speech beloved of Calvin Coolidge. In the former, Mr. Hoover praised the ideals of the American Legion, in the latter the ideals of the American people. The one noteworthy thing in the former —there is nothing noteworthy in the latter—is that Mr. Hoover seems to favor the war-time conscription of capital as well as men.

Here are typical extracts from the address before the Legion: "We know there is no financial, traditional or military imperialism in the American heart." "The whole plan of self-government presupposes that the whole people shall participate in the selection of its officials, the determination of its policies and the maintenance of its ideals." "We need the teaching that the foundation of government is respect for law."

And here are typical extracts from the address at Kings Mountain: "We are filled with justifiable pride in the valor, the inventions, the contributions to art and literature, the moral influence of our people." "We have no class or caste or aristocracy whose privilege limits the hopes and opportunities of our people." "This country is supremely dedicated, not to the pursuit of material riches, but to pursuit of a richer life for the individual."

In short, the kind of speech that men forget. The wonder is that such empty addresses are still made by hard-worked Chief Executives. Their one apparent reason for existence is that they give people an opportunity to watch a President move his lips.

Two More

IN HIS SPEECH to the labor leaders at Boston, as in that to the bankers at Cleveland, Mr. Hoover gave himself a well-deserved pat on the back, and said to himself, "Here's jolly good health; I had a good thought last fall."

The thought was to call business and labor leaders into conference and persuade them to work for the stability of industry, wages and employment. It was a happy thought, though opinions differ on the extent of its effectiveness. Mr. Hoover, naturally, believes that the effects have been great. He supported his opinion by telling the labor leaders that in the last eight months the sum expended for public works and for construction by public utilities amounted to $500,000,000 more than in the same period last year. He added that there have been only 300 labor disputes during the present depression, as compared with 2,000 during the last one. Finally, he declared that, with some exceptions, our great manufacturing companies,

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utilities and business houses have maintained the established wages.

Securing stability in employment, he said, is still our greatest economic problem. But neither in this address nor in that at Cleveland do we find any reference to the bills which, introduced in Congress by the Democrat, Senator Wagner, would have helped to solve this problem. The omission is ungenerous. One of the Wagner bills provided for the collection of unemployment statistics, another for a public works program to be instituted whenever industry slackens, the third for a nation-wide system of government employment agencies. If the President had supported these bills, he would have furthered the good work he did last fall. Certainly he would have done more to promote stability in business and employment than he did when, at Cleveland, he opposed taxes on capital gains and urged hard-headed bankers to instill into their clients "a feeling of assurance."

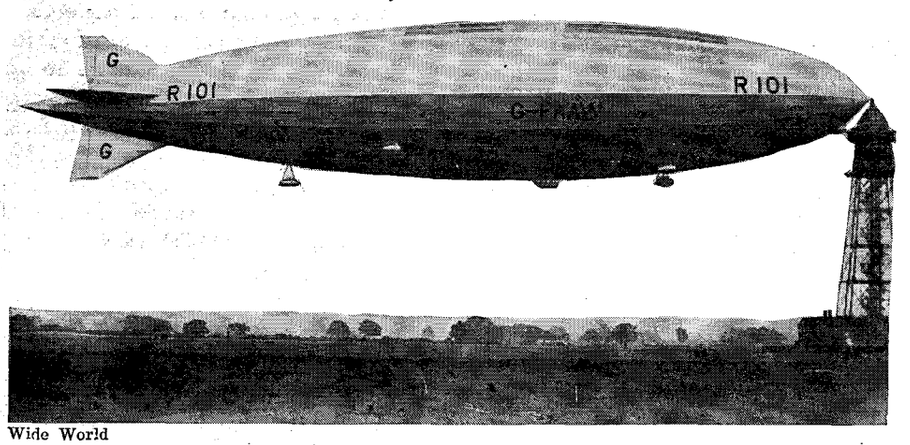
There are several holes in Mr. Hoover's Cleveland speech. There is, for example, his over-optimistic guess that production and consumption are only ten or fifteen per cent below normal. There is his statement—has he forgotten his Farm Board's attempt to peg the price of wheat?—that he has "never believed that our form of government could satisfactorily solve economic problems by direct action." However, nowhere in the speech is there any prediction that prosperity will return at such and such a time; nowhere any reference to those famous fourteen million Republican radios. This is a great gain for candor.

▸▸*The R-101*

THE DESTRUCTION of the British dirigible R-101 with the loss of forty-six lives—including those of the Secretary of State for Air, the Director of Civil Aviation and the Director of Airship Development—hits aviation between the eyes. Sailing for India from her base at Cardington, England, the world's largest airship encountered a channel gale over Beauvais, France, crashed in a woodland, caught fire and exploded. Other dirigible disasters have taken more lives. None has created more pessimism among aviators.

The successful flights of the Graf Zeppelin, the Los Angeles and the R-100 had occasioned new confidence in dirigibles. Much had been made of the fact that dirigibles have crossed the North Atlantic eleven times without the loss of a life. On the theory that lighter-than-air craft were safe enough to be used as commercial carriers had depended prospects of establishing regular trans-ocean dirigible service. On that theory the British had progressed with their plans of linking the Empire with dirigible lines, hoping to increase the dirigible's speed, forgetting the disasters of the past. The fate of the R-101 recalled these disasters vividly—the death of forty-four men when the ZR-2 crashed at Hull, England, in 1921; the loss of the Italian-built dirigible Roma at Hampton Roads in 1922; the mysterious disappearance of the French dirigible Dixmude over the Mediterranean in 1923; the break-up of the Shenandoah in Ohio in 1925.

Today there is a general impression that too much confidence has been placed in the dirigible's safety. It is recalled that ordinary storms have twice damaged the Graf Zeppelin, besides crippling the R-100 during its trip over the St. Lawrence Valley last summer. The wind and rain storm which beat the R-101 to earth at Beauvais was heavy but not abnormal. It is true but ineffective to say that in this case there might have been less loss of life had non-inflammable, non-explosive helium been used in the R-101 instead of hydrogen. Given more dangerous terrain, the loss might have been quite as heavy even had the gas been helium. The important thing is that the dirigible was forced down by a normal storm. The inevitable conclusion is that dirigibles cannot meet such storms without peril to all aboard.



Wide World

LATELY THE LARGEST
The R-101, British dirigible, which crashed at Beauvais, France

▸▸*Noblesse Oblige*

KING GEORGE and Queen Mary have ordered five new twelve-cylinder Daimler cars to help relieve unemployment during the winter.—News dispatch from London.

"Noblesse oblige!" chirped Mrs. Newmoney of Park Avenue, nodding platinum earrings over her morning newspaper. Before you could say Jack Robinson she had ordered seventeen inlaid backgammon boards and made up her mind to have two desserts with every meal and a little snack of caviar in the middle of the morning. She then telephoned for twelve more pekingese dogs, four sable coats, assorted diamonds and a hydroplane for every guest room. "Noblesse oblige," said Mrs. Newmoney to representatives of the press.

When his attention was called to the London report, Mr. Newmoney had already had nine cocktails. He had nine more. Thereupon he ordered fifty-four sets of matched golf clubs and decided to smoke two cigars at once, carry four pairs of gloves and have every bathroom in the house converted into a swimming pool. Junior Newmoney returned to college with eighteen gold saxophones and a raccoon coat for every member of the freshman class. Gladys Sans Sou, née Newmoney, sent to Paris for forty bottles of *Moi, je suis un petit diable* and was toying with the idea of divorcing Count Sans Sou and marrying an impoverished violinist with nice eyes when Mr. Newmoney put his foot down. He said that relieving unemployment was all very well but that the Newmoney family had made sacrifices enough.

▸▸*Morrow's Successor*

PRESIDENT HOOVER showed excellent judgment in making Joshua Reuben Clark Ambassador to Mexico. Here is an honest, shrewd, non-political appointment foreshadowing the continuance of Dwight W. Morrow's statecraft in Mexico City. Mr. Clark's diplomatic back-

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ground, his knowledge of international law and his liberal viewpoint should insure approval of the appointment not

Keystone

A NEW MORROW
Joshua Reuben Clark, appointed Ambassador to Mexico

only in Mexico but in all Latin-America.

Ambassador Clark has spent nearly a quarter of a century in the government service, occupying positions in the State Department under the last five Republican Presidents and in the Department of Justice during the second administration of Woodrow Wilson. He knows Mexico's problems and the Mexican people. As Assistant Solicitor of the State Department from 1906 to 1910 and Solicitor until March 14, 1913, he has watched turbulent Mexican scenes from the Washington conning tower. Drafted in 1927 as personal advisor to Ambassador Morrow, he was on the spot while Mr. Morrow was performing his fine feats of conciliation. He came back to Washington as Undersecretary of State, a position he held until June, 1929, when he returned to Mexico City. Ambassador Morrow is supposed to have paid for Mr. Clark's advice out of his own pocket, reputedly at the rate of $60,000 a year.

A Utah Mormon, fifty-nine years old, Mr. Clark has represented the United States on several international claims commissions and acted as confidential assistant to Charles Evans Hughes at the Washington Arms Conference. It was his memoradum on the rights of neutrals to trade with belligerents which first attracted the attention of Mr. Morrow. His liberal interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine excited much comment when published last spring by the State Department. With Mr. Clark representing the United States in Mexico City, the friendly relations inaugurated by Mr. Morrow may be put on a permanent basis.

▶▶*Rumor Re Television*

Our Bureau of More or Less Plausible Rumors relays an unverified report that

For the past year one of the largest electrical research and manufacturing organizations has maintained between its New York and California plants an uninterrupted, two-way, twenty-four-hour-a-day television test, during which time the transmission, considered from either the auditory or the pictorial standpoint, has been pulled up close to perfection.

The rumor runs that this organization will make television sets for the home (selling, probably, for about $600 each) when it has secured the rights to certain "bands," or aerial trunk lines, suitable for television transmission. Our bureau hears that it will be possible to broadcast but five television programs at a time, and that the company in question is now buying up fifty-one per cent control of all broadcasting stations utilizing these five vital bands. It is said that as soon as everything is ready—which may be before the first of the year—home television sets will be placed on the market and Greta Garbo will swish into your living-room.

Or maybe she won't. Just where would the movie companies get off under this new arrangement? How would they get paid? What would happen to their investments in million-dollar cinema palaces now studding the nation? We asked our bureau these questions, but it did not know the answers.

▶▶*Conspiracy in Colorado?*

As Ralph S. Kelley adds a bill of particulars to his charges of oil frauds in the Department of the Interior, one dismisses as nonsense Secretary Wilbur's dismissal of these charges as nonsense. When Mr. Kelley backed up his assertion—that oil companies have secured illegal concessions in public oil shale fields in Western Colorado—with his resignation as chief of the field division of the United States Land Office at Denver, Secretary Wilbur refused to accept the resignation, suspended Mr. Kelley and started an investigation by officials of the Department of Justice.

At this point Mr. Kelley balked, rightly declaring that "members of the presidential Cabinet are much too closely bound together to permit impartial investigation of each other." But he gladly appeared before Senator Nye, chairman of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, who announced that he would ask for a Senate investigation. Meanwhile, the New York *World* began publishing Mr. Kelley's own story of how political pressure had been turned upon the Interior Departments of both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover.

Mr. Kelley maintains that, over his protests, the Secretaries of the Interior validated invalid claims by a series of rulings, reversals and relaxed requirements. He explains minutely, for instance, the Freeman-Summers decision by Secretary Work which in 1927 reversed decisions of 1924 and 1925 and "prepared the way for powerful oil interests to gain permanent possession of oil lands worth upward of $20,000,000,000." He names the companies in this case, their lawyers—some involved in the Teapot Dome inquiry—and their friends, including two United States Senators. He tells how he was barred from the hearing, how his subsequent efforts to explode the decision was objected to as "embarrassing," how other reversals followed, one by Secretary Wilbur "with a potential value of $1,750,000,000."

Mr. Kelley cites figures, facts, names,

Wide World

TELLING ALL
Ralph S. Kelley, former chief of the field division of the General Land Office at Denver

dates and places. He quotes land office records and the files of Secretaries Work and Wilbur. Whatever the truth of his

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charges, his evidence and manner have been impressive enough to warrant an impartial and thorough investigation.

▶▶*Frankie and Johnny*

NOT many persons can sing *Frankie and Johnny* through. Few know that it was based on an actual incident. Fewer still value it as legitimate American folklore. John Huston's book should change all this. Mr. Huston offers the history of the song, a play of his own, based on the authentic St. Louis ballad, and several other versions. (The one you know is very likely a hodgepodge of all.)

The familiar ballad, Mr. Huston has discovered, springs from the ruffled, wasp-waisted nineties, when St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco and Chicago composed the colored sporting circuit. The St. Louis Tenderloin was the center of the toughest and most flamboyant Negro society, built around the woman and her mack, whom she supported. Supported well, or he left her. Probably he was the flashiest dude in history, with mirrors set in his shoes; diamonds in his rings, teeth, suspender clasps and sleeve garters; nudes and racers inlaid with eyelets in the crown of his Stetson hat.

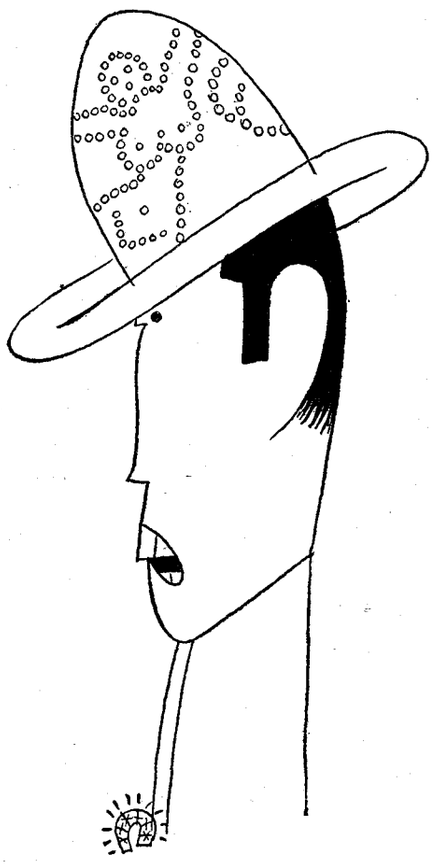
In the center of this society, the toast of the tenderloin, was Frankie Baker, a "beautiful, light-brown girl," who "sat for company in magenta lady's cloth, diamonds as big as hen's eggs in her ears." Allen (or Albert) Britt was her man. On the night of October 15, 1899, Frankie berated Albert for his attentions to Alice Pryar. Albert threw a lamp at her and Frankie shot him in the darkness as he came after her with a knife. Albert died a few days later with a bullet wound in the liver.

This incident, duly reported in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of October 19, 1899, is the basis of the song. The last verse, however, in which "Frankie walked up to the scaffold, as calm as a girl can be," is poetic license. Frankie, Mr. Huston tells us, is still living. She is fifty-eight, and runs a shoe-shining parlor in Portland, Oregon. She dislikes to talk of the shooting and hasn't any feeling for folklore.

▶▶*Chicago's Triple Alliance*

"IF THE POLICEMEN on the beats can't be fixed, the sergeant can. If the sergeant can't, the captain can. If the captain can't be fixed he can be transferred." That is Chicago, if one is to believe a gangster's recent statement to a newspaper reporter.

But for an accurate picture of crime in Chicago it is no longer necessary to refer to gangsters, or even to anti-crime associations. One can go straight to the findings of the Cook County September grand jury which declares that there is "a well-established three-cornered alliance between the Chicago police department, the corrupt politicians and the criminal element." Coming from a



"HE WAS HER MAN"
Covarrubias pictures a protagonist in "Frankie and Johnny," by John Huston (A. & C. Boni)

grand jury, these are pungent words, even for Chicago, but underneath them is the conservative signature of G. F. Slaughter, foreman of the panel and vice-president of the American Steel Foundry Company.

The October grand jury is continuing the investigation begun by its predecessor. Meanwhile, news dispatches of last week indicate essentially what is going on in Chicago. Police Commissioner Alcock had a confidential list of gunmen and racketeers slated for prosecution. The list, locked in a desk of the Detective Bureau, disappeared, although the desk had not been opened by force. It was found in the possession of Tony Tagenti, a bondsman who kowtows to Al Capone.

Attributing crime in general to the triple entente, the September grand jury declared that racketeering was the inevitable result of the indifference of authorities and citizens alike. The indictment might be carried further—into the gangster-breeding effects of prohibition—but even as it stands it comes close to the truth.

▶▶*Revolt in Brazil*

BRAZIL HAS INHERITED a revolution much like those which toppled governments in Peru, Bolivia, Argentina and the Dominican Republic. Like those, the Brazilian movement has been directed against a theoretically representative government tending toward a dictatorship. The insurgents' main objective has been to prevent the inauguration of Dr. Julio Prestes, Conservative President-elect, and, to Liberal minds, a figurehead in the clique dominated by President Luis.

Planned since March, indicated by petty skirmishes which were reported in the press no more frequently than they were denied by the Brazilian government, the revolution opened in Rio Grande do Sul, southern-most of Brazil's twenty states. The outbreak there was a signal immediately answered by serious uprisings in two other southern states, Minas Geraes and Parana, and by disorder in Parahyba, where Brazil juts into the Atlantic. Within forty-eight hours the rebels had won over many Federal soldiers and captured many others. By the end of that time the uprising had spread to seven other states and secured the support of the state government in Rio Grande do Sul. Even President Luis admitted that the disturbance amounted to civil war.

President Luis had his Conservative Congressmen—fraudulently elected, according to the rebels—declare a state of siege in the three revolting southern states, in the capital state of Rio de Janeiro and in the rich state of Sao Paulo. With the revolutionary army moving toward Sao Paulo, he made his loyal Congressmen appropriate $12,000,000 for defense and then offered to meet the insurgents and negotiate peace.

Realizing the power they have gained from the economic depression, which is as critical in Brazil as in Peru, Bolivia, Argentina and the Dominican Republic, the rebels refused to swap guns for

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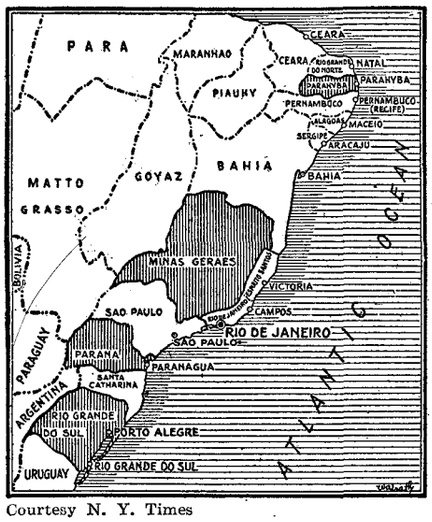
DRURY COLLEGE
Springfield, Missouri

conferences. Backed against a wall, President Luis proclaimed martial law for all Brazil, which of course was a



Courtesy N. Y. Times

HOTBEDS OF REVOLT
The four states in which the Brazilian revolt got under way

futile gesture in states controlled by the rebels. The government's only defense lies in the Federal army and that, as the Outlook went to press, seemed of doubtful loyalty.

▶▶*Unrest in Cuba*

President Machado of Cuba did not wait for a revolution, which his 15,000 troops probably could put down. Nor did he wait for the November congressional elections, which his politicians probably will control. Realizing that Cuba's economic distress—three-quarters of Cuba's industry is sugar, now selling for about one cent a pound—accounted for protests against his administration, he saw that the deposed dictators of other Latin-American countries had acted too late and therefore he struck without delay.

Machado demanded that the Cuban Congress authorize him to suspend at will until after election day such constitutional privileges as freedom of speech and of the press and the right to assemble. Guarded by the presidential troopers, the Congressmen granted his demand just as in 1927 they amended the constitution to permit his re-election for a six-year term in addition to the regular four-year term. This request for extraordinary powers may have indicated that Cuba was precariously near revolution. Certainly the granting of the new powers, which the President says he will use only in emergency, shows the extreme difficulty of overthrowing the Machado régime except by revolution.

Confronted with the question of intervention under the Platt Amendment to the Cuban Constitution, which gives the United States the right to interfere to preserve Cuban liberties and independence or to maintain an adequate government, Secretary of State Stimson wisely decided against it. Refusal to intervene means, of course, that the Machado régime will continue unless there is a successful revolution. Intervention might mean that the United States would provide Cuba with a fair election and hence might remove part of the incentive to rebellion. But it is not for us to be umpire at all Latin-American elections. Our proper course is to stay out of Cuba and all Latin-American countries as much as possible. The general principle for us to follow is to keep our Marines at home.

▶▶*The Row in Illinois*

Let us be clear about this row between Ruth Hanna McCormick and the Nye committee. Ever since Mrs. McCormick straddled on prohibition, she has been booed by wets and drys alike. As far as the prohibition issue goes, she is done for. Her one hope, therefore, has been to find another issue just as good. Apparently she believes she has found such an issue—the good old martyr issue—in the senatorial committee which has been investigating her whopping expenditures in the Republican primary.

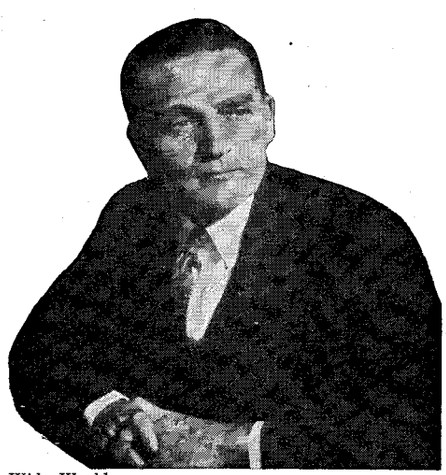
Mrs. McCormick has been attempting to win public sympathy by picturing herself as one whom this committee has flagrantly mistreated. The committee's agents, she says, broke into her office, invaded her home and tapped her telephone wires. She adds that, when testimony to this effect was produced before the committee, the senators declined to hear it.

The former assertion the committee denies. "We have not at any time spied upon Mrs. McCormick," says a statement issued last week by four of its members. "We have not tapped her wires. We have not read her correspondence . . . . We did not rifle her files . . . . nor have we or any one of us or any agent for the committee directed, approved or had knowledge of any such acts." So the issue is squarely joined. Mrs. McCormick declares the committee has mistreated her; the committee declares it has not. Whether it has or not can only be established by the thorough investigation which the committee declined to make. The committee does not deny Mrs. McCormick's charge that it refused to hear testimony on her behalf. It doesn't because it can't. Plainly it erred in neglecting to hear every speck of pertinent testimony Mrs. McCormick might advance. Chairman Nye's explanation that the committee believed it had been framed and refused to become "a stage to be played upon for the rest of the campaign" simply will not do. The committee could and should have completed its Illinois investigation regardless of political effects.

Since it did not, it laid itself open to attack by Mrs. McCormick and her supporters in and out of the press. We do not approve of this attack, since we believe it is intended to divert attention from the prohibition issue, on which Mrs. McCormick may be and we hope will be defeated by her wet Democratic opponent, James Hamilton Lewis. We believe that the prohibition issue in Illinois should dominate all others. But there is no doubt that the committee played directly into Mrs. McCormick's hands by refusing to hear all the evidence of wrongdoing on the part of its own agents.

▶▶*Blunder Number Two*

Not content with this blunder which made it precisely what it did not wish to be—a stage on which Mrs. McCormick might play the rôle of martyr for the rest of the campaign—



Wide World

THREATENS LIBEL SUIT
Gerald P. Nye, chairman of Senate campaign funds committee

the committee perpetrated another. It notified "newspapers which have been induced to print Mrs. McCormick's

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libels" that repetition of them would be regarded as wilful and malicious libel for which they must assume individual responsibility. The notification was given without waiving any right of the committee or any individual member of it or any employee of it to bring action for what had already been said.

Mrs. McCormick says this is an attempt to throttle the press. We agree. Senators are immune from prosecutions for libel based on their remarks in the Senate chamber. That is to say, they are totally immune, for they have only to save their questionable statements for utterance in the chamber. We have never favored and we do not now favor any of the plans to curb this senatorial immunity. But if senators bring action against editors or individuals who comment on their official acts, then we believe that editors or individuals should be permitted to bring action against senators.

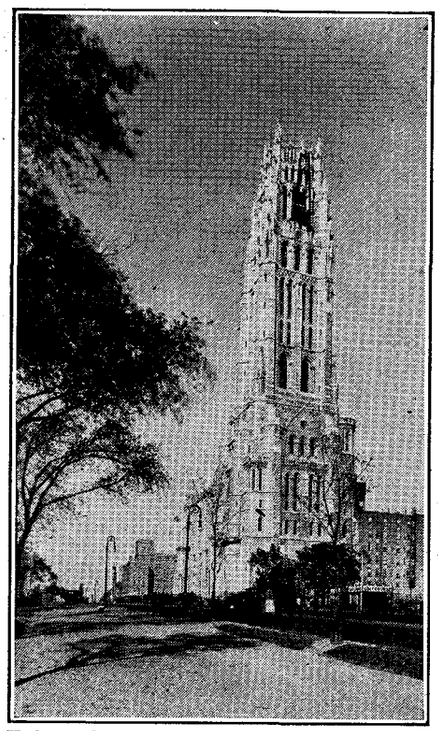
With the Senate hitting a new low in ability and integrity, with its investigating committees running wild, it is imperative that press and public be fearless in their comments on our ninety-six senatorial servants. Senators who conduct themselves properly need not worry about criticism, however harsh. Senators who, in the opinion of press and public, do not conduct themselves properly should be heartily lambasted.

Would Senator Nye and other members of the campaign funds committee curb the right of press or public to denounce, let us say, the recent performance of the craven Caraway lobby committee? Have we reached the stage where senatorial committees may act outrageously and then have the law on any one who says so?

▶▶"In 1492, Columbus . . . "

The 438th anniversary of the discovery of San Salvador by Columbus finds Genoa, supposedly his birthplace, alarmed by the assertion that Christopher was born in Spain. Until a few weeks ago, when Professor Luis Ulloa produced the story of Spanish nativity, the Italian city had been secure in its belief that Christopher was a Genoa boy who made good in the big Western Hemisphere. From Spain, of course, had come rumblings to the contrary, but they were inconsequential. Why, the Genoese had just read where a Madrid newspaper had offered 25,000 pesetas for the best proof that Columbus was born in Spain but was obliged to abandon its contest for lack of suitable entries. So Genoa went ahead with plans for a bigger and better Columbus Day.

Then Professor Ulloa read his paper before the Americanist Congress at Hamburg. Director of the National Library at Lima, Peru, the professor seemed to be no mere booster for Spain, though, to be sure, he had studied in Madrid. In any case he stressed his assertion that Columbus was born in Spain less than his statement that Columbus crossed the Atlantic before 1492. The professor said that Columbus sailed to America by way of Ireland, Greenland,



Underwood

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK'S Church on Riverside Drive, New York City, which was opened October 5

Labrador and Newfoundland. To cap the climax, he was ready to bet his last Peruvian pound that Christopher had made the trip with a crew of Danish pirates.

The Ulloa theory left scholars skeptical. It left Genoa raging. The Genoese did not seem to mind the story that Columbus had sailed to America before 1492 or that he had sailed with Danish pirates. What they did mind was the story that Columbus was not born in Genoa. This they roundly denounced. They established a force of propagandists to defend their town, made the director of the village archives generalissimo and assembled all the documents they could get their hands on. They catalogued and broadcast evidence that Columbus was no Catalonian corsair but the son of an honest Genoese wool merchant. Finally, they demanded that Professor Ulloa visit Genoa and learn what was what. To date the professor has not accepted, possibly because he has been unable to find a sufficiently protective suit of armor.

▶▶Russia as Customer

Soviet Russia completed the second year of its celebrated five-year plan on September 30, a day after the United States Chamber of Commerce published its analysis of American exports. The five-year plan was designed to co-ordinate Russian agriculture and industry and direct them toward a series of definite objectives whose achievement would give Russia high rank among the producing, manufacturing and exporting nations of the world. The first year was markedly successful; the second apparently produced sizeable, though not satisfactory, advances. But if any one thinks that American exports to Russia decreased during this unsatisfactory second year, let him think again.

The figures of the Chamber of Commerce show that in the first six months of 1930 our exports to Russia increased 137 per cent over those of the same period in 1929—jumping in value from 30 to 73 million dollars. Meanwhile, our exports to other countries were falling away. For example, those to our best customer, Canada, dropped 132 million dollars, or 26 per cent. So around the seven seas; decreases everywhere save in the case of Russia and unimportant countries like Mozambique and the Canary Islands.

It is quite probable that under the Soviet règime Russia will eventually become one of America's greatest customers. According to the Amtorg Trading Corporation, counting both exports and imports we now do almost 180 million dollars' worth of business with Russia a year, or four times as much as in 1913 when the Tzar ruled in St. Petersburg. The Soviet rulers have substituted an international commerce for the mainly European ties of the Tzar. The five-year plan, pointing to a possible future when Russia may compete with the United States, has produced a present when Russia anxiously seeks American capital, American machinery and American brains. The development of the plan will require additional supplies of all three commodities. Should the plan suc-

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ceed, should higher living standards result for the 150,000,000 Russians, there may be an even greater market in Russia for American goods.

In the path of these economic facts which are of such concern to Russia and the United States stand such paperweight politicians as Representative Fish with his investigating committee, Senator Oddie with his proposal for an American embargo on Soviet products and Secretary Hyde with his outburst against Soviet wheat sales in Chicago. No doubt they will be bowled over, but, even so, they clutter the road, endanger Russian credit and constitute a threat to Russian-American trade. They and their followers forget that the United States needs the 150,000,000 Russian customers as much as Soviet Russia needs American goods.

▶▶*New York's Campaign*

THREE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES for President are still alive, and all three have associated themselves with the presidential ambitions of Governor Roosevelt. Alfred E. Smith, '28, nominated Mr. Roosevelt for Governor at the Democratic state convention in Syracuse, John W. Davis, '24, presided at that meeting and James M. Cox, '20, declared after it was over that Mr. Roosevelt, if re-elected, would be the logical Democratic candidate for President in 1932. This, plus the fact that the Democrats have nominated four New York Governors for President since the Civil War, may help to explain why the Outlook supports Mr. Roosevelt rather than Mr. Tuttle, despite the latter's anti-Tammany issue. We believe that, since Mr. Roosevelt is not only a candidate for Governor but also a potential candidate for President, his election would be extremely valuable to the movement against prohibition.

It will not be necessary here to describe intricacies of the important Roosevelt-Tuttle contest. The broad lines of the strategy are simple. Mr. Tuttle became the Republican nominee by exposing corruption in New York City. He is now seeking to link Governor Roosevelt with that corruption by connecting him with Tammany. He has manoeuvred the Governor into a dilemma where, if he does not press an investigation into Tammany scandals, he may lose public support, while, if he does press it, he may lose Tammany support, without which no Democrat can be elected governor of New York.

Mr. Roosevelt has sought to silence Mr. Tuttle by ordering a partial, though not a complete, investigation, and by forcing those Tammany district leaders who hold public office to answer questions relating to their official acts. He has also tried to embarrass Mr. Tuttle on prohibition. Mr. Tuttle's weakness is that wet Republicans will bolt him if he gets too dry, while dry Republicans will bolt him if he gets too wet. The Democratic platform, like the Republican, declares for repeal, but, since it offers no constitutional substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment, it is the wetter of the two. With this advantage, New York Democrats would like to have the gubernatorial contest fought out on the prohibition issue alone.

Mr. Tuttle has replied to Mr. Roosevelt by persisting that he is for repeal and that he would not sign a state baby Volstead act, but that he favors more stringent use of the state nuisance laws in the interest of enforcement. In other words, he has hedged as much as possible on the prohibition issue, just as Mr. Roosevelt hedged as much as possible on the Tammany issue. So goes the campaign.

Remarkable Remarks

Any recession in American business is but a temporary halt in the prosperity of our great people.—HERBERT HOOVER.

We already know how to break depression when it comes.—SECRETARY OF LABOR, JAMES J. DAVIS.

It is not clever to be broke.—EDGAR WALLACE.

Without prohibition it is almost inconceivable that we should have accomplished what we have.—SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

One cannot be dropping in and out of grand juries, and reading the headlines, and still keep an eye on official work.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

We have a stage that is reeking, reeking with filth.—CARDINAL PATRICK J. HAYES.

One cannot expect anything of New York.—RIGHT REV. JAMES CANNON, JR.

I am still far from the polished man of the world.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

It takes just as much courage to wash dishes three times a day, as it does to go out and shoot a bear.—MRS. HERBERT HOOVER.

▶▶*Peace Proposals Fail*

Two more projects intended to preserve peace have been neatly and thoroughly devitalized. One is the proposal to harmonize the League of Nations Covenant with the Kellogg pact. The other is the treaty empowering the League Council to assist financially any nation which, in the Council's unanimous opinion, becomes a victim of aggression.

Under the Kellogg pact the nations renounce war as an instrument of national policy and pledge themselves to seek the settlement of all disputes by pacific means. The League Covenant, however, provides for the maintenance of the status quo, by peaceful means if possible, but under certain circumstances by force. So do certain treaties which the League has recognized, for example, those made at Locarno. Now, while these provisions making war justifiable are compatible with reservations attached to the Kellogg pact before it was generally accepted, they are quite incompatible with the pact itself, with which it was proposed to harmonize the Covenant. Thus, at any rate, ran the objection made at Geneva last week. Apparently it impressed the League subcommission which had the harmonizing job in hand. That body has decided to forget the whole question until the Assembly meets in 1931. At which time it may be forgotten again.

As for the treaty furnishing financial aid to the victim of aggression, it was solemnly signed at Geneva last week by the delegates of twenty-eight nations. The signatures represented guarantees of more than ten million dollars, which the League thought convertible into a 140 million dollar loan. To a small nation faced with war, such a loan would be of first importance. Unhappily, on the insistence of Great Britain a joker was inserted in the treaty preventing it from coming into force until members of the League have signed and ratified an agreement providing for general disarmament. And still some people say the British have no sense of humor.

▶▶*Pluck at the Sink*

"THE housewife who stands at the kitchen sink washing dishes three times a day," says Mrs. Hoover, "is not a bit

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less courageous than the big game hunter." We do not deny it. It is our belief that anything said by a lady is true; therefore, anything said by the First Lady of the Land must be doubly true. Moreover, it has always been our opinion, shared by most men of our acquaintance, that dish-washing does indeed require no little courage. There is the peril of the scalding water, the menace of the soft-boiled-egg cups, the long, anxious grind around the burnt kettle, the intrepid dash to open the front door with soapy hands, and so on.

Yet we venture to question Mrs. Hoover's wisdom in mentioning this fact at the annual convention of the Girl Scouts of America. Women are not all courageous; there are few big game hunters among them. These girl scouts are impressionable. They will grow up; most of them will marry. And some young husband will return home to find his wife reading in an arm-chair, the breakfast and luncheon dishes standing unwashed on the dining-room table.

"What's this?" inquires the husband. "Afraid to do the dishes?" "Yes, darling," she cheerfully replies. "There was that pan the scalloped potatoes were cooked in and I just didn't have the courage to face it. You go on and do it. You're so big and bold." "Tut, tut," he says. "What a coward. You'll never make a big game hunter. What would Mrs. Martin Johnson say?" "Mrs. Martin Johnson be—," remarks his bride, returning to her reading. "Do the dishes yourself, or else get me an automatic dish washer and a maid to run it. I'm afraid to do dishes and that's flat."

▶▶*In Brief*

"Chicago Bandits Rob Mayor Thompson's Wife; Slug Driver, Policeman, in Front of Home"—newspaper headline. But to date have failed to gain possession of grain pit or stock yards. . . . Extracts from a news dispatch on the American Legion convention in Boston: "Stores put out flags in honor of the visitors, but boarded up windows in deference to their playfulness. . . . In the evening . . . . General Pershing . . . . stressed the importance of . . . . observance of the law." . . . . And President Coolidge made a two-sentence address to the Legionnaires, without charge. . . . Rudy Vallee has hired day and night bodyguards at so much a day and night, making, we understand, no extra appropriations for their ear-plugs. . . . Now that metropolitan newspapers are solemnly assuring us that Appalachian State defeated Tusculum, guess what sport season is well under way. . . . Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock believes that the "possible production" of illicit liquor in the fiscal year ended June 30 was 876,320,717 gallons. Beg pardon; we should have said, Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock believes that the "possible production" of illicit liquor in the fiscal year ended June 30 was 876,320,718 gallons. . . . This is national doughnut month.

The Come-Back of Al Smith

By the end of November, 1928, political wiseacres agreed that Alfred E. Smith was a goner. He was a city man, a Tammanyite, a wet and a Roman Catholic. His manners lacked gloss, his voice was harsh, he was inclined to be blunt and he sometimes mispronounced words. The country would have none of him. Though Smith had received a whacking popular vote, his electoral vote—the only one that counts—was embarrassingly small.

So poor Al, the wiseacres said, was done for. Smith had committed the greatest crime in politics; he had been badly defeated. The 1928 election destroyed his standing, not only in the national Democratic party, but even in Tammany Hall. This became clear when, over Smith's warm opposition, John F. Curry, a district boss of the old school, was elected Tammany leader with the support of Mayor Walker. The ideals which Smith had attempted to inculcate into the Hall were forgotten. His blasted dream of a "new" Tammany became a laughing-stock. The "old" Tammany returned with a whoop, and Walker and Curry were its prophets.

Happy prophets, for a while. Did not Mayor Walker inform New York City that if re-elected he would take his leadership from Mr. Curry? Did not the city respond by giving him a 500,000 plurality? Meanwhile, did not a humiliated Smith, brought to heel, deliver dull, listless speeches in favor of Walker's election?

Smith did, and therein he hit a new low. For some time he groped around n this intellectual cellar, voicing no complaints, though he must have suffered keenly. Then United States Attorney Tuttle began his investigation of Tammany scandals and straightway Al Smith stock began to climb. It was the resuscitated "old" Tammany at which Mr. Tuttle aimed his blows. Naturally, this led to the inference that, if Tammany had not suppressed Smith and scrapped his ideals, Mr. Tuttle would not have found the evil conditions which gave him the Republican nomination for governor. Thus every knock for Tammany was a boost for Al.

It remained for the New York Democratic convention at Syracuse to complete the Al Smith come-back. In his speech nominating Mr. Roosevelt, with what earnestness, with what joyous vehemence did Smith say his say about the Tammany scandals. While all but the Tammany delegates roared their approval, he declared that men in official or party positions who are unfaithful to their trust should be driven out of public office, out of the party and then into court.

These are great days for Al. If Roosevelt loses, he will lose because of the Tammany issue, and there might not have been any Tammany issue had Smith's ideals prevailed. If Roosevelt wins, he will win largely because he is occupying substantially the same position on prohibition that Smith occupied in 1928. The essentials of Smith's prohibition stand find ever-wider acceptance. Mr. Roosevelt has adopted them, so has Mr. Tuttle, so has Senator Wheeler and so has Mr. Morrow. So have many others and so will many more. And, while Smith's ideas are gaining ground, his opponents are steadily losing ground. Mr. Tuttle is making life miserable for anti-Smith Tammanyites. Bishop Cannon's anti-Smith candidate for Governor of Virginia was snowed under. The anti-Smith Democratic Senators, Simmons, Blease and Heflin, are all outward bound. Mr. Hoover has tasted the fruits of victory and found them very sour.

Smith took a gold coin to the Syracuse convention. On one side it bore the words, "Hoover lucky pocket piece," and on the other, "Good for four years of prosperity." He pointed out that "you couldn't cash it at any bank." New York Republicans, he said, were welcome to all the comfort they could get from their endorsement of the Administration of President Hoover.

Smith at Syracuse was the Smith of old, with his familiar grin, brown derby

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and gift for sarcasm and mimicry, downing great gulps of water, talking of prohibition and power. He was received as a conquering hero, the band blared "The Sidewalks of New York" and his listeners threatened to eat Republicans for breakfast.

The happy warrior is happy again, and, frankly, the fact delights us. While his Catholicism will prevent his renomination in 1932, it is pleasant to see him resume a commanding place in American politics. The Outlook congratulates him on his come-back.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HOPE that the general public does not attach too much seriousness to the conflicting claims which are being put out by the principal cheer leaders of the two major political parties. It is a form of childishness which afflicts them in the autumn months, and except that they don't affect wool sweaters, collegiate caps and megaphones, the partisan ballyhooers are entitled to about as much consideration as the sophomoric rooters who whoop it up at a freshwater college. The latter, we have noted, never fail to cheer the loudest when the other side is about to score a touchdown or otherwise threaten the home team.

National Chairman Fess, we are certain, does not believe that the Republicans will be able to retain control of the Senate, and Senatorial Chairman Tydings would deplore it if the Democrats happened to be placed in power there. Likewise the Democrats would celebrate achievement of a majority in the House by putting on sackcloth and ashes. They concede—privately, of course—that they would find it difficult to man important committees with decent personnel, and the chairmen of key groups would read like a census of the South. The parochial nature of their party as it is now constituted would be plain for all the world to see.

There is an even more important reason why thoughtful Democrats pray that the G. O. P. will continue to enjoy place and power for some time to come. If the Administration possesses even a paper majority after the elections, all mistakes of omission and commission may be laid at the White House door in 1932. Otherwise, the Republicans, who now blame the retiring and officeless John J. Raskob for the Wall Street collapse, would retort that their failure was due to no lack of statesmanship, but to the selfish and partisan politics of the Democrats ensconced on Capitol Hill.

We discover that a few Democratic leaders disagree, and in the van, as always, stands the turbulent "Jack" Garner of Texas. He can hardly be blamed for taking other views, however, since he would displace "Nick" Longworth as Speaker under Democratic control and organization of the House of Representatives. Nevertheless, the fiery playboy from Texas offers some effective arguments for his contention.

Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post

Sez you!

Instead of relieving the Republicans of their responsibility, Democratic management of the Congressional circus, in Mr. Garner's not too humble opinion, would place the President in an even deeper pit. Solely, of course, to benefit the farmers, the Democratic statesmen would then proceed to re-enact farm legislation embodying the equalization fee or the principles of the McNary-Haugen bill. Since President Hoover and half the Cabinet have already denounced these measures as "radical and subversive," the Administration would face the unpleasant choice of repudiating its noble "No" or inflaming the angry farmers still further. Nor would the Democrats be such Machiavels as this program seems to imply. Every returning visitor to the corn belt, including Secretary of Agriculture Hyde and the mild Arthur Capper of Kansas, tells us the West's demand at the coming session will be for these substitutes for the unpopular farm board.

Other plans that impress us as being even more diabolical are buzzing in Mr. Garner's fertile brain. He would, we imagine, re-enact a pension bill extracting more millions from Uncle Sam's till, and leave it to Mr. Hoover to accept the measure he once denounced or alienate the country's ex-service men once more. But it is Secretary Mellon who would claim our greatest sympathy if the Democrats should climb back into control. Having failed for years to obtain a real thorough-going inquiry into Mr. Mellon's administration of the Internal Revenue Bureau, Mr. Garner would lose no time at all in going after the Pennsylvanian's scalp. There would, in short, be so many investigations of Republican rule that even the White House Secretariat might not be exempt from harassment. "Jack" has a cowboyish sense of adventure that carries him far.

Our scouts have reported to us, however, that the voters will compromise the disagreement which has arisen between Mr. Tydings and Mr. Garner. Though the Democrats may not enjoy actual majorities in House and Senate, we hear the November outcome will probably vest real authority over all legislation in a coalition of Democrats and Progressives. All reports from those political pilgrims who trudge the length and breadth of the country before each Election Day bode ill for the Administration.

We feel quite sorry for "Jack," should he miss out in his great ambition to be Speaker. Nevertheless, we will not be cast down at all if delightful "Nick" retains the gavel. He carries off these honors and dignities so much more gracefully than the rough-hewn Texan ever could. Besides, as Speaker of the House, "Nick" is an elegant institution—indeed one of the few we have. As a member, he is often bored and it must be said—boresome.

A. F. C.

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First Stones on Boulder Dam

Political Currents Roil the Colorado

By JOSEPH LILLY

Who gets the water, and shall private agencies benefit from the electric power? These are two of the questions which still complicate the Boulder Dam problem. Meanwhile, construction of the dam at Las Vegas, Nevada, has started. It is, perhaps, the greatest engineering project since the Panama Canal. Congress has compromised on the question of private vs. public control of the power. There will be many long wrangles on other questions

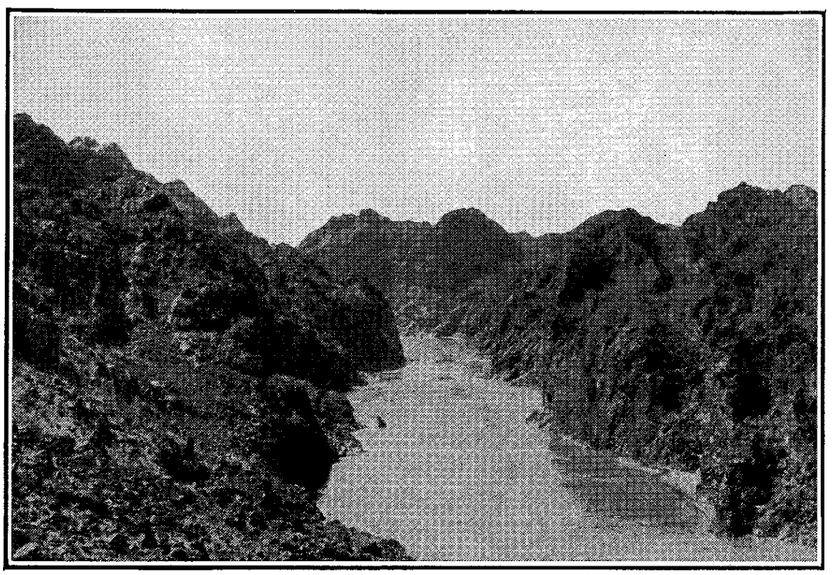
THE building of Boulder Dam, now under way at last, is the most important piece of constructive work the federal government has undertaken since the Panama Canal. Colossal in its dimensions, breath-taking in its potentialities, the whole conception is staggering.

Unfortunately, due to the long, complex controversy over the enabling legislation, the public has not fully grasped the implications of the undertaking. Indeed, the interminable row, especially in the Senate, made Boulder Dam appear about as dull and forbidding a subject as the words "boulder" and "dam" connote, as remote from civilized interest as the Arizona desert, where it is being built. Except in the West and Southwest the country has only the haziest notion of what it is all about. Yet it will add more to the national wealth and the national resources than anything else on the horizon.

The projection of this immense dam in the romantic El Rio Colorado—the Red River—is a species of latter-day magic. The whole thing is enlivened by the dancing genii of the dynamo, the fundamental idea is imaginative in its tremendous assault upon Nature—Nature as embodied in the brooding, parched desert, the unscalable walls of mountain canyons, in the swift flow of a river 1700 miles long, carrying in its bed health, wealth and happiness, death, destruction and desolation, and dealing out either at its own caprice.

It is as if there were another discovery of gold in California, iron in Minnesota, oil in Texas, anthracite in Pennsylvania. East of Denver it may be difficult to realize that in towns within a 500-mile radius of the dam site near Las Vegas, Nevada, the start of actual construction has provoked formal dancing in the streets, celebrations with fireworks, barbecues, speeches and powwows.

DRAW a circle with Las Vegas as the center, letting the circumference take in El Paso, Albuquerque, Denver, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Yuma and Tucson and you have an idea of the area that stands to benefit first. And if you have noticed the announcements of the Census Bureau that the western states have increased 32.7 per cent in population in the last decade, California alone by 44.1 per cent, or nearly half, you will have some idea of the human potentialities. There is a pronounced and fundamental westward trend of population; it has been proceeding swiftly for a generation; now that it is so clearly apparent the flow is apt to be accelerated.



Ewing Galloway

BLACK CANYON OF THE COLORADO
Site of the Boulder Dam

Simply as a dam, that is as an example of engineering skill reinforced by machine-man's brute power, Boulder, or Hoover Dam, will be stupendous. It will dwarf the Assouan Dam of Egypt and the Elephant Butte of New Mexico, which is the largest now. It will be twice as large as either. It will rise in curved steps, like a lonely amphitheatre in the uninhabited desert, 723 feet from the river bed, 650 feet thick at the bottom, where it will rest on solid rock, 40 feet thick on top. It will form a lake 115 or 120 miles long and 575 feet deep, ten miles wide in places—the largest artificial body of water in the world. This stored water, exerting a maximum pressure of 30 tons to the square foot, will be forced through diversion tunnels, where it will turn turbines forming the largest single electrical unit in the world.

But this hydro-electric power, important as it is—and it, largely, will pay for the dam's construction—is merely an incidental of its construction.

The dam was conceived primarily to protect the rich fruit-growing Imperial and Coachella Valleys in California and the Yuma Valley in Arizona, the most fertile and the most valuable farm land in the world. Its necessity was obvious after the disastrous flood of 1906 which inundated Imperial Valley, destroyed 50,000 acres of farms and made it almost impossible to restore the Colorado to its bed. Theodore Roosevelt, then President, recognized the necessity of controlling the Colorado, and, due to him, the first steps to bring about this control were taken.

The difficulties of controlling the Colorado are unique because, next to the Nile, it carries more silt than any other stream. It is the largest river in the country, it drains seven states, and it carries so much of their soil toward

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its mouth that every year the bed of the stream near its delta is raised one foot. Today, the river, between Arizona and California, flows inside levees on a bed higher than the surrounding land, much of which is below sea level. The continuous rising of the river bed thus compels continuous heightening of the levees, making them extremely dangerous and almost prohibitive in cost.

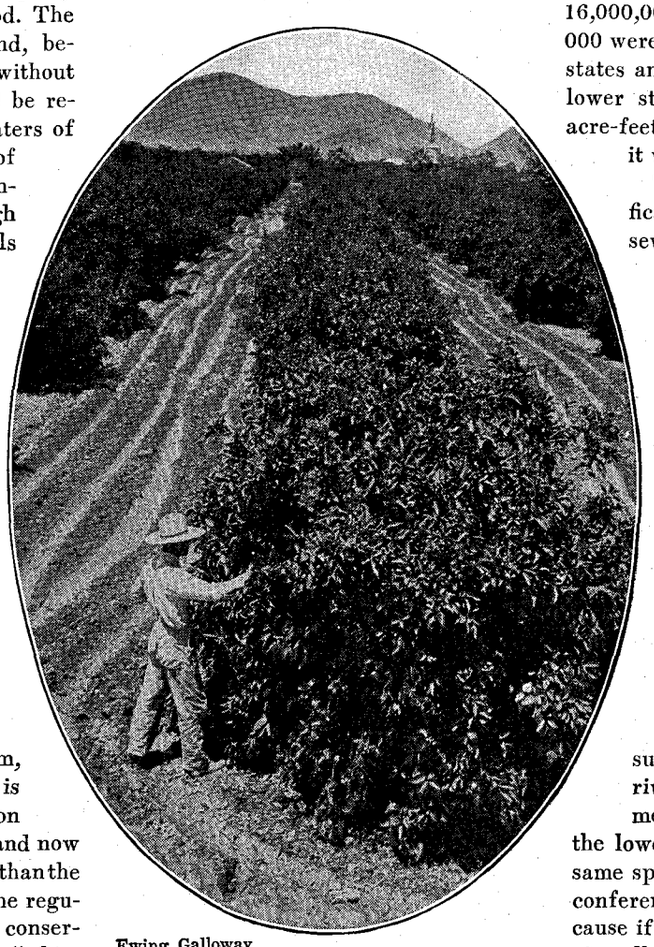
If the levees burst, 70,000 persons and more than $100,000,000 in property would be in the path of the flood. The waters would fill the valley, and, because it is below sea level and without outlet, perhaps a century would be required for evaporation of the waters of the inland sea after the course of the river had been restored, assuming it could be restored. Through the present system of levees, canals and dikes 400,000 acres in California and 250,000 acres in Mexico are irrigated.

After the winter snows in the upper and lower Rockies have melted, the stream is a raging flood capable of demoniac destruction. But for the greater part of the year it is mild, though swift. Accordingly, the dam, by creating an immense reservoir, will allow man to regulate this flow below Las Vegas, to send the river on at an even pace, and not only prevent a flood, but hold back most of the silt.

A secondary purpose of the dam, and a concomitant of the first, is the reclamation of other land on the rim of the Imperial Valley, land now barren desert, but no more barren than the Imperial of a past generation. The regulation of the flow will permit the conservation of the spring floods, and "white gold" will be distributed over new land.

As a project in flood control and reclamation it naturally came under the study of the Reclamation Bureau of the Department of the Interior, and that Bureau now has supervision of the construction, which, however, is being done by private contract. The engineers of the Bureau have spent a generation studying the river, selecting the best sites for the dam, probing the underbed of the stream and measuring its flow —studies which still are proceeding.

In the generation since Roosevelt's action, flowing water has become more and more important, first as a source of electric power through the development of long-distance transmission, and second as the only method of reclaiming the arid lands of the Southwest. Accordingly, the Colorado became a grab-bag for the seven states—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California —which it and its tributaries drain. The people of this drainage area, equal in size to the New England and Middle Atlantic States with Ohio and Indiana thrown in, subsist on the bounty of the Colorado. Its water is more valuable to them than land, since, without the water, the land would be unproductive.



Ewing Galloway

Reclaimed from the desert

Obviously, any talk of damming the river and diverting part of its flow fell on sensitive ears in each of these states. So, when it was tentatively determined in 1921 to build the dam in the lower basin, the states of the upper basin—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico—were so concerned that they brought about a conference at Sante Fe presided over by Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce.

The principal objection of the upper states was that the storing of water in southern Nevada would allow the lower states to assert a right to all the water above which had not been appropriated when the dam was laid down, a right which they could assert because of the water laws of the states recognizing the right to divert the stream's flow when it is applied to beneficial uses not only on riparian lands, but on non-riparian lands.

Under the guidance of Hoover the Sante Fe conference reached an agreement, the Colorado compact, which provided that of the assumed flow of some 16,000,000 acre-feet of the river, 7,500,000 were to be allotted to the four upper states and an equal amount to the three lower states, the surplus of 1,000,000 acre-feet to go to the lower states when it was certainly available.

This compact required the ratification of the legislatures of the seven states and the approval of Congress. All the states ratified except Arizona, which has consistently refused. Arizona accuses California of securing an unfair allotment of the river's wealth, not only in water for irrigation and reclamation, but for electric power and potable water. California's reply is that Arizona is unable to use as much of the river's potentiality as is California, and, in addition, that physical facts make it improbable that Arizona ever will have use for such a share.

Colorado and Wyoming, which supply eighty per cent of the river's water, accepted the agreement because, not being arid like the lower states, the water has not the same specific value to them. Indeed, the conference was a victory for them because if no agreement had been reached virtually all of the water would have gone to the lower states anyway as claims for its diversion were pending.

This division of the water is of transcendent importance because the agreement sets aside the doctrine of priority of right through appropriation and the operation of the riparian doctrine of common law.

Although construction of the dam is proceeding, untangled problems have been left over from the conference. It divided the water between the two basins, but no attempt has yet been made to apportion the various shares of the four upper states and Secretary Wilbur's apportionment of the shares of the three lower states has increased the opposition of Arizona. Arizona is

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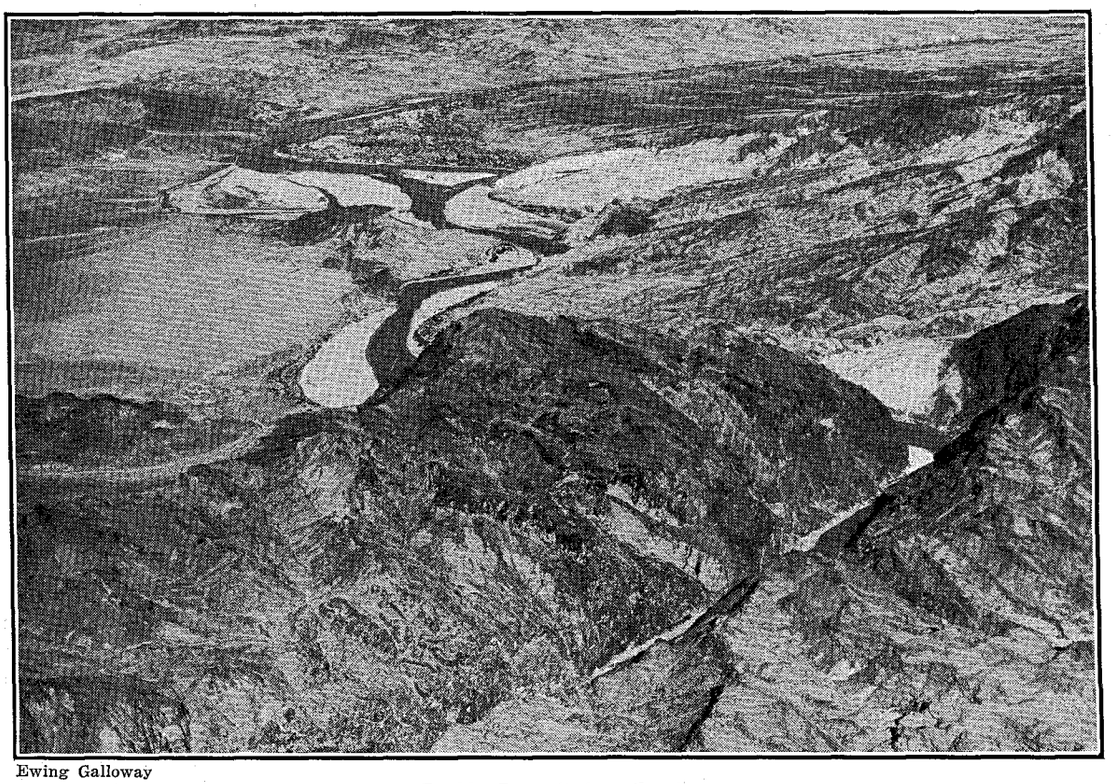
preparing to ask the Supreme Court for an injunction against construction of the dam until her rights are determined. Arizona's threat is regarded by the other states as more a nuisance than a real danger. An extended analysis of the law was given in the *American Law Review*, March, 1928, by Howard B. Wilson, an attorney of Denver, who reasoned that Arizona has no remedy in court principally because the federal government, in the control of navigable rivers, has rights superior to that of any state in determining uses for a river bed.



Ewing Galloway

Boulder Dam site from the air

As Secretary Wilbur said recently in addressing a Chamber of Commerce celebration in Los Angeles:

"Some legal obstacles are still to be expected, but when two Congresses and two Presidents have acted on a matter of this sort it will be pretty hard to stay the hand of the government by judicial action."

As a precedent in the distribution of water the Colorado compact was of national importance, likely to be invoked in disputes among other states over hydro-electric power. So powerful is this precedent that Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of Reclamation, views it with misgivings. In a paper on the economic factors of the project, republished by the Interior Department from the *Engineering News-Record*, he says:

"The Colorado compact has influenced the viewpoint of the people of every state in the arid region and threatens to make future development much more difficult because of the growing tendency to regard the water of a flowing stream as property to be disposed of by political or economic bargaining."

He evidently believes the distribution should be according to the "natural rights" established by the laws which up to now have governed.

So much for one aspect of the problems that have beset the dam's history. Another, and a far more important one for the country, is that involving the hydro-electric power. It was the water-division over which Congress haggled for so long and which dulled public interest in the second one, though, to be sure, Congress devoted much time to it. The issue was this: Shall the electricity drawn from a public dam be farmed to a private agency for its profit, or shall it be given to the public at cost?

Almost humorously the answer to both clauses has been "yes." In other words, both private companies and municipalities shall divide the power. The public may be puzzled by this conclusion because it disposes of a national question, pregnant with consequences, in a most evasive compromise. Indeed, in a time when the public temper were more critical it is not improbable that the Boulder Dam compromise could bear bitter fruit. It may yet, if it is fearlessly and adroitly handled by a national politician in 1932, particularly if Owen D. Young, for example, should be the Democratic candidate.

The question of the disposal was passed upon by the four agencies which necessity compelled: first, Congress; second, the White House, both under Coolidge and Hoover; third, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur; fourth, the City of Los Angeles. Los Angeles really had the final say, and its recent answer, in conformity with all the others, is the basis upon which Congress appropriated the first funds to begin construction of the dam. The answer of Los Angeles is most interesting and significant, and also puzzling to those who examine the situation at a distance and who are not acquainted with the "practical considerations" that compelled it.

Los Angeles is nearly 350 miles distant from Black Canyon, where Boulder Dam is being built, and it was an accident of circumstances that it was at all interested. At first it seemed a fortuitous accident because the city has long been in the power business, generating and distributing the bulk of the power it uses and clearly determined to expand its facilities and to buy out its corporation competitors until it produces every kilowatt that it consumes. This made the significance of the power issue all the more pointed, since here was a city with all the experience, equipment, qualifications and resources to use the power. The old bogey of a politics-ridden municipality, without experts and practical knowledge, could not be raised.

The city's power business is in the hands of its Department of Power and Light, and its standing can be appreciated in the light of recent remarks by Secretary Wilbur at the Los Angeles celebration of the starting of the dam.

"If," he said, "you had not built up

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▶▶ Business Man Golfer ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

A SERGEANT of United States Marines, spick and span in blue tunic, red striped trousers, canary colored chevrons, and white flat cap, stood by the admission booth at Merion and watched the amalgamated order of Bobby Jones' rooters pour in. As the endless stream of men and women plunked down two dollars per head in return for a cardboard badge, the sergeant's eyes widened. You could hear him humming: "All we do is sign the payroll."

"Quite a gate for golf," I ventured. The Marine smacked his lips. "You said it," he replied. "Bobby Jones must get a nice piece of change out of this."

He stared at me blankly when I told him that Jones was an amateur; that Bobby would get a couple of gold medals worth perhaps ten dollars in bullion, but that the golf wizard couldn't accept any money without becoming a professional.

"But all these people pay cash to see him," protested the leatherneck. "Do you mean to tell me Bobby is in this racket for his health?"

GEORGE VON ELM, America's second ranking amateur golfer, evidently shares the sergeant's idea that competitors in the National Amateur Championship should get a cut of the gate receipts. Spectators paid $55,670 to watch Jones parade to his fourth major title of 1930 at Merion, a sum which apparently excites Von Elm's envy. At all events, on the Monday following the Merion meeting, Von Elm issued a formal statement to the press, announcing his retirement from competition in terms by no means flattering to the U.S.G.A.

The Von Elm bleat constitutes a naïve contribution to the ever-boiling amateur controversy. He intends, one gathers, to become the duck-billed platypus of golfing zoology—neither amateur nor professional; neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He will, in short, be a "business man golfer," accepting such purses as he happens to win, but not giving lessons for hire or affiliating himself with the "pros."

Let's allow the plaintiff to do his own broadcasting. "Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience—Von Elm speaking for the last time over the U.S.G.A. network. From this day I am no longer an amateur golfer. Neither am I a professional. I'm simply a business man golfer—and I'll tell you why.

"For ten years I've had 'Mr.' stuck in front of my name and that insignia of amateurism has required me to spend more than $50,000 of my hard earned money. It cost me $10,000 to compete in the American Amateur, British Amateur, Walker Cup match, and Open Championships this summer. My business earnings paid for these golfing vacations. I can no longer afford this expense.

"I propose in future to gamble my skill against the prize money offered for open golf events, but golf will not be my career. I am a business man first, last, and all the time.

"The U.S.G.A.'s amateur championship is a highly organized commercial project. Fifty thousand dollars is paid in for the amateur show, while thirty-two performers play their hearts out for honor and glory. Not a penny of the gate money is contributed to contestants by the U.S.G.A. to pay traveling and hotel expenses.

"The finger of suspicion points to many amateurs but the show must go on, and thus the U.S.G.A. spends its time straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Tournament golf is show business in a big way."

FROM his blunt, not to say ingenuous remarks, one must infer that Von Elm sets little store on such intangibles as "honor and glory." Apparently he believes that the entertainer is worthy of his hire. He seems disguntled because the Golf Association, unlike the district organizations in tennis, refuses to allow championship competitors transportation and hotel expenses.

"It isn't nice to treat the subject of my amateur status in cold terms of dollars," says Von Elm. Perhaps not, but who started the discussion? Inasmuch as Von Elm's statement reads like a bank balance sheet it might be pertinent to observe that he conveniently overlooked the advertising which has accrued to him through golf—publicity that proved a valuable asset in building up his insurance business.

Von Elm owes a heavy debt to golf. Ten years ago he was an amateur lightweight pugilist boxing for paltry prizes at various Utah clubs. He had picked up golf as a caddie and developed unusual aptitude at the Scotch game.

Recognizing his golfing talents, the sponsors of a Salt Lake City golf club hit upon the idea of sending him as a member to compete in various tournaments in order that the club might gain in reputation through his skill. No exact accounting of the expenses involved in these trips to different tournaments was ever asked of or rendered by Von Elm, whose prowess as a golfer soon spread beyond the Rockies.

In 1922 he was nominated as a Walker Cup team candidate, but rumors of his acceptance of expense money resulted in a U.S.G.A. investigation. Von Elm was tried *in camera* by the eligibility committee and found guilty of transgressing the amateur code. He appealed; was granted a hearing, and came east to face his accusers, accompanied by legal counsel, an eminent Utah senator.

The evidence presented by the U.S.G.A. was so overwhelming that Von Elm's lawyer is said to have remarked: "Gentlemen, this puts a different aspect on the case; all I can do is to request that you be merciful to my client."

After serving his suspension, Von Elm applied for reinstatement and received it. The U.S.G.A. showed unusual leniency and a willingness to forget the past. From 1926 to 1930 Von Elm stood among the amateur headliners, winning the championship in 1926 and thrice defending the Walker Cup. During that stretch of time he formed valuable acquaintanceships and built up a flourishing business through his personal charm, intelligence and zealous application to work. At that, the publicity derived from golf certainly didn't hurt him.

If it is fair for Von Elm to assail the U.S.G.A. so venomously in the public prints he cannot justly object when the searchlight of publicity is turned upon his own golfing career. Von Elm's recent bombshell might be construed as a bid for free publicity. Well, he got the headlines. As an amateur he is certainly privileged to retire from tournament competition if he so chooses, but what animus prompted him to turn his departure into a philippic against golf's administrative body? What's all the shooting for?

So far as I know there is no law in golf which compels an amateur to com-

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▶▶ Adolf Hitler, German Hypnotist ◀◀

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

IN THE 1928 German elections, one of the minor party groups, the National Socialists, won twelve seats in the Reichstag, less than three per cent of the seats in that body. On September 14, 1930, the same party won 107 seats, almost twenty per cent of the Reichstag, and definitely became the second strongest party in the land. Even in their pre-election statements, the National Socialists had never laid claim to so large a following; certainly no neutral observer had expected a victory half so sweeping. The explanation is Adolf Hitler, man without a country, mysterious leader of the "Bolsheviki of the Right," the German Fascisti.

Who is Adolf Hitler? What has he done? What does he look like?

The last question is the most easily answered of the three. He is a completely unimpressive figure. He resembles nothing so much as a "Moravian traveling salesman." He has a little, Charlie Chaplin moustache; a vacuous, flabby face; dark hair. His stature is certainly not imposing. Of recent years he has grown fat. But when he opens his mouth, every one who hears him becomes spellbound. Everything he says may be only sound and fury, signifying nothing, yet his oratory sweeps all but the most hardened before him. He can turn a raving Communist into a devoted Fascist with half an hour's discourse. Romantic German noblewomen flood him with expensive gifts as though he were an American radio crooner. As one high German military official put it, "If you are hostile to him, you feel physically exhausted after resisting his talk. He takes control of the conversation from the instant it begins and never lets up." That is Hitler's compelling secret power, his mysterious, hypnotic magnetism.

ADOLF HITLER was born on April 20, 1889, in Braunau on the Inn, a little border town of Upper Austria, almost exactly a hundred kilometers due east of Munich—or, at least, the best informed people say that he was. Nothing can be positively affirmed of him with safety, for he deliberately surrounds himself with that same mystery and secretiveness which used to be indulged in, for similar reasons, by our own western frontier desperadoes. His past and his present are his own business. He discourages inquiry.

When the War broke out, then, Hitler was presumably twenty-five years old. His occupation has been variously described. He was a sign-painter, a carpenter, a draughtsman, a locksmith. One thing is certain. He volunteered for service in the German army, thus losing his Austrian citizenship, served through the War with distinction, was once wounded and once gassed.

After the Armistice, he is said to have returned to Vienna, where his oratorical gifts were discovered and turned to good use by some interested party, who sent him to Lichtenstein to conduct propaganda aimed at persuading that diminutive principality to become a part of Austria. If this story is true, it records Hitler's only oratorical failure. Lichtenstein, with its 11,500 inhabitants and area about equal to Staten Island, is still an autonomous state.

However that may be, we know that in January, 1922, Hitler established himself in Munich and started his German political career. Less than twelve months later, Count Hugo Lerchenfeld, former Bavarian Prime Minister, wrote of Hitler in the *New York World:* "The ancients believed in the existence of demons, powerful spirits between the gods and men. Goethe defines the inexplicable, incomprehensible in nature and humanity as demonic." Hitler, said Count Lerchenfeld, was a demonic figure.

No better description could be made, then or now. It suits Adolf Hitler, the silver-tongued, the spell-binder, the man who seriously suggests that American banks "are controlled ninety-nine per cent by Jews," (attention, Messrs. Morgan!), who opposes Monarchists, Catholics, Jews, Socialists and Republicans alike and at the same time. Here is a dynamic, impelling personality, which a more prosaic observer might call pathological.

Twice indeed Herr Hitler has been publicly suspected of insanity and delusions of grandeur.

WITHIN eighteen months of his arrival in Munich, Adolf Hitler had converted a large part of urban Bavaria to his peculiar brand of Fascism—National Socialism. His appeal to the people, whose spirit was then hopelessly sunk in the abyss of deflation, was consummately clever—and nonsensical. Every part of it played on some long-standing prejudice. Jews are rich; disenfranchise them! Execute the greasy profiteers! Expel the dirty foreigners! Repudiate Versailles and Reparations! Abolish department stores and force all retail trade back to the small merchants! Wipe away parasitical unearned incomes! Destroy the Jewish Press! Down with Jewish Marxism! Be Germans!

This campaign was successful in Bavaria not only because of the deflation but also because of the bitter memory of that short-lived syndicalist government of the Jew, Kurt Eisner, which had immediately followed the Armistice. Moreover, all of Hitler's ideas, however fantastic they may seem, were familiar to the people, because these very ideas had had, for thirty or forty years, their place in the programs of the various pan-German, anti-Semitic movements under the old empire.

The lengths to which Hitler carries his inordinate radicalism (it has always been fundamental in his politics) is best illustrated by his repeated assertion that no non-German or Jew should be allowed to have any of his writings published in Germany, either in newspapers, books, or magazines. And no paintings, except the works of unquestionable Germans, should be given public exhibition. As the late Wilhelm von Bode, Germany's most distinguished art critic, pointed out, even Dürer, the greatest of German artists, could not survive Hitler's rigor, for Dürer's father was a Hungarian and his mother may have been (awful suspicion!) a Jewess!

Hitler soon won over General Ludendorff, largely through the good offices of the General's wife, a mystical lady who fixed responsibility for the World War on the sinister influence of the Jews. Hitler seems also to have gained the sympathy of Von Kahr, Von Lossow, and Siesser, the then virtual rulers of Bavaria. In fact, the only two prominent Bavarians who kept their balance in 1922-23 were Crown Prince Rupprecht, head of the Catholic Bavarian Royal Family, and the venerable Cardinal Ritter von Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich.

Following the example of Mussolini, Hitler armed and organized "storm brigades." Manoeuvres, with endless supplies of beer and cigars, were held all over the Bavarian countryside. Through

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it all, as a decorative motif, ran the "Hackenkreuz," the swastika, anti-Semitic symbol, the flaming cross of German Fascism. And on the walls of National Socialist headquarters, which likewise included the editorial office of Hitler's newspaper, the *Völkisher Beobachter,* hung a portrait of Henry Ford, whose anti-Semitic utterances in the *Dearborn Independent* Hitler regarded as his inspiration.

At last, on November 8, 1923, came the comic opera climax—the Beer Putsch. Bavaria's Military Governor, Von Kahr, was making an anti-Socialist address to a huge audience in the Bürgerbräukeller, the largest of Munich's fantastically big beer halls. It was a drizzly, chill autumn evening. Suddenly the relative calm of the meeting was disturbed by alarms and excursions without.

A buzz of excited comment drowns von Kahr's oratory. Three swastika-bedecked Fascist guards appear, followed by Hitler in a black frock coat. He calls for silence; the clamor only increases. One of the guards fires a pistol at the ceiling. The uproar is at last silenced. Hitler cries out: "I proclaim the Nationalist Revolution! Von Kahr, General von Lossow, and Colonel Siesser will please join me. I guarantee their safety." The government leaders go into a side room with Hitler. Von Kahr, a royalist at heart ("I considered him only a simple, good, honorable old official of the King, nothing more," said Hitler later), joins the Putsch. He will explain afterwards that he was forced to do so at the point of a pistol.

Meanwhile the impatient populace in the hall regale themselves with beer. At last von Kahr comes forth, arm in arm with Hitler, and announces his adherence to the Revolution.

The Italian Consul rushes up. "Your Excellency, may I telegraph my government?"

"You may," says von Kahr.

"Accept the congratulations of the Italian Fascisti!" cries the excited Consul.

There is much cheering, and everybody goes home, slightly tipsy from the beer.

Meanwhile Prince Rupprecht and Cardinal Faulhaber get hold of von Kahr, bring him to his senses, and call the Reichswehr and the Federal Police. Next morning there is a brief battle in the Odeonsplatz. Despite the fact that the Fascist "troops" are commanded by none other than General Ludendorff, they are defeated. About forty persons are killed, and it is all over.

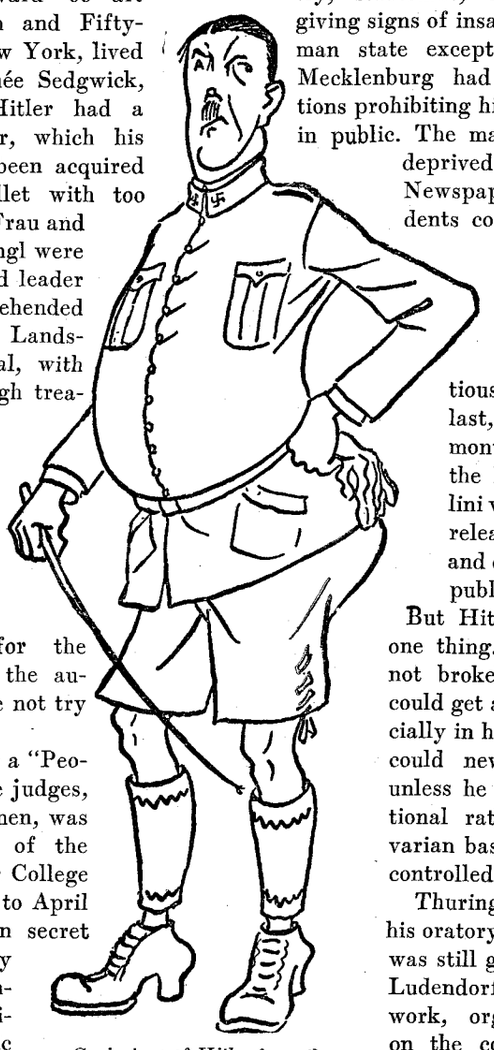
HITLER fled, finding refuge in a little hill town south of Munich, Uffing, overlooking the Staffelsee, where one of his most devoted followers, Ernst Fritz Hanfstaengl, Harvard '09 art dealer, of Munich and Fifty-seventh Street, New York, lived with his mother, née Sedgwick, and his sister. Hitler had a dislocated shoulder, which his enemies said had been acquired in dodging a bullet with too much enthusiasm. Frau and Fräulein Hanfstaengl were nursing the idolized leader when he was apprehended and carried off to Landsberg to await trial, with Ludendorff, for high treason. In 1925 Hitler married Fräulein Hanfstaengl.

"We have to be careful about who are his jailers, or he will make them a speech and have them cheering for the Revolution," said the authorities. "We dare not try him by jury."

The trial, before a "People's Court" of five judges, three of them laymen, was held in the hall of the former Royal War College from February 26 to April 1, 1924, chiefly in secret sessions. Too many important personages were implicated to allow public hearings. At last came the day of judgment. The hall was packed with people, among them numbers of aristocratic women, wearing brooches, necklaces, and chatelaines cunningly formed in the shape of the swastika. It was like the trial of a Warren Hastings or a Queen Caroline. At last Ludendorff entered, in his full court regalia of the old Empire. As one person the audience rose, acclaiming the old War hero.

Hitler made a speech. The judges wept. Then came the verdict: Ludendorff acquitted, Hitler sentenced to five years of "fortress confinement."

Ludendorff arose to his full height, and with his curt, harsh voice withered the tribunal. "I regard my acquittal as a shameful insult to my uniform, my order, and my decorations." It was the final tragi-comic touch.



Caricature of Hitler from the "Tage-Buch"

Every one thought that Hitler and Fascism were finished. He had lost his magic. His party was reduced to nothing. He was a man without a country, "staatenlos," confined in a jail, giving signs of insanity. Every German state except Thuringia and Mecklenburg had passed regulations prohibiting him from speaking in public. The magician had been deprived of his wand. Newspaper correspondents could afford to assume a patronizing air. "Sic transit gloria mundi," one of them sententiously remarked. At last, after only a few months' confinement, the Bavarian Mussolini was, through pity, released from jail and disappeared from public notice.

But Hitler had learned one thing. His magic was not broken. He knew he could get a following, especially in hard times. But he could never do anything unless he worked on a national rather than a Bavarian basis, and unless he controlled the police.

Thuringia was open to his oratory; his party organ was still going. He shelved Ludendorff and started to work, organizing "cells" on the communist model, organizing storm battalions among the younger generation, appealing to precisely the same old prejudices.

All he needed for success was a good business depression. This year he got it, and suddenly, over night, Hitler is one of the strongest men in Germany, with six million fanatical followers and countless extra-legal armed bands. He has propagandized the Reichswehr, he controls absolutely the state of Thuringia, for he controls its police.

Today Hitler's program is the same as it has always been. Anti-everything except the Dictatorship of Hitler; basically and always anti-Semitic and anti-foreign. "Our struggle for the liber-

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The Crusade Starts

By CHARLES MERZ

In the third instalment of "The Dry Decade" Mr. Merz takes up the record of the first six months of prohibition and the four major sources of liquor against which the government had to contend. It is significant that within so brief a time as half a year every major problem of enforcement had arisen.

"IT IS here at last—dry America's first birthday," said a statement given to the press by the Anti-Saloon League of New York on January 16, 1920. "At one minute past twelve tomorrow morning a new nation will be born. . . . Tonight John Barleycorn makes his last will and testament. Now for an era of clear thinking and clean living! The Anti-Saloon League wishes every man, woman and child a happy Dry Year[1]."

It is difficult now to re-create the mood in which this adventure started, but there can be no doubt of the faith of the prohibition leaders that liquor was effectively banished from the United States by the Eighteenth Amendment. There were no reservations in the assurance with which these leaders faced the future. It did not seem to them then, in the hour of their triumph, that this law might be difficult to enforce and that the results of its first year or even its first decade must be viewed with leniency.

On the contrary, the dry leaders were plainly ready to date the dawn of prohibition in the United States from the day when the law became effective, and it is not difficult to understand their confidence. Having championed prohibition for thirty years as a solution of the liquor problem, their faith was too deeply founded to harbor skepticism. They believed that the law could be enforced and would be enforced, promptly, effectively and to the immediate advantage of the country. Even so experienced a campaigner as Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler saw no reason why the government should encounter any real difficulty in the business of enforcement. "I think five millions a year appropriated to enforce this law would be ample," said Mr. Wheeler in a letter read on the floor of the Senate at this time, "and if the liquor dealers suddenly become law-abiding it can be reduced when the need disappears[2]."

It was at midnight on January 16 that the law took effect and twenty-four hours later that the public received its first enforcement news. "Four stills, two in Detroit and two in Hammond, Indiana, were raided yesterday in the government's crusade against violators of the Volstead Act," said an Associated Press dispatch from Chicago on January 17. "The raided stills, according to A. V. Dalrymple, head of the Central West prohibition forces, were operating on a major scale."

The country was dry. Prohibition had come. The Constitution itself forbade the manufacture of intoxicating liquor. It seems clear, however, that there was no sharp break between the old and new, in the sense that manufacture ceased abruptly for a time and only at a later date did illicit stills begin to flourish. The stills were present from the start, not only in the hill country of the border states, where they had always flourished, but in the Middle West, the East and South: obviously prepared to carry on the business of manufacture without interruption.

On January 26, the tenth day of national prohibition, a moonshine plant with a daily capacity of 500 gallons was raided by prohibition agents near the town of Pelham, twenty miles from Birmingham, Alabama[3]. Here was one extreme, a suggestion of the possibilities latent in large-scale manufacture with a nearby city as the convenient market for a product which could be sold at an attractive profit. At the opposite extreme from large commercial operations was the one-gallon still, designed to cheat the law through a process of home manufacture.

On January 28, the twelfth day of national prohibition, a force of federal agents set out from the Customs House in New York City in what was described as "the greatest campaign ever conducted against violators of the prohibition law," a phrase which was destined to become familiar. The goal of this drive was a round-up of one-gallon stills which, even as early as the second week of national prohibition, were thought to be in wide use throughout the city.

"Any person caught with one of these stills in his possession will be proceeded against at once," said the Federal Prohibition Administrator in New York[4]. "I advise everybody who has one to bring it to my office immediately." On the following day, no stills having been surrendered, the Federal Administrator announced that his men would promptly begin to search the city for them[5]. For this purpose he had at his disposal a staff of 178 agents to distribute among 1,278,431 homes.

Both the commercial still and its small compatriot for kitchen use thus made their appearance promptly, in the first two weeks of prohibition. From the point of view of effective enforcement of the law, the obvious problem which they presented was the difficulty of detecting and destroying an illicit source of liquor when it was hidden away in miniature form in a city home or in its commercial form concealed in some thicket or some hollow so inaccessibly placed that even the owner of the land on which it stood might be unaware of its existence. A case in point occurred during these early months when a still with a capacity of 130 gallons was found operating at full blast five miles north of Austin, Texas, on the farm of Senator Morris Sheppard, author of the Eighteenth Amendment[6].

IF THE question of illicit stills raised a problem for the government, there is nothing in the record to suggest that the prompt appearance of this problem tempered the optimism shown by enforcement officials in their early statements to the press.

The Treasury Department had brought to Washington, as the first Prohibition Commissioner in the history of the United States, an Ohio lawyer and a former member of the Ohio Legislature—John F. Kramer, a devoted dry.

This man was not a party boss. He controlled no votes. He had no experience in the business of party plunder. He was an unknown in Washington, a disinterested outsider, a lifelong friend of prohibition and a champion whose first announcement to the press breathed confidence and fire: "This law will be obeyed in cities, large

1. *New York Herald*, January 16, 1920.
2. *Congressional Record*, 66th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 5655.
3. *Associated Press dispatch*, Birmingham, January 26, 1920.
4. *New York Times*, January 29, 1920.
5. *New York Times*, January 30, 1920.
6. *New York Times*, September 7, 1920.

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and small, and in villages, and where it is not obeyed it will be enforced. . . . The law says that liquor to be used as a beverage must not be manufactured. We shall see that it is not manufactured. Nor sold, nor given away, nor hauled in anything on the surface of the earth or under the earth or in the air[7]."

Nevertheless, despite the finality of this statement and the confidence with which it bristled, it rapidly became apparent that the law would encounter a variety of problems which had not been anticipated by its authors. Illicit distilling was one of these problems. Others cropped up with a disconcerting promptness which is evident in the calendar of the first official efforts at enforcement.

International

EARLY CHAPTER IN PROHIBITION HISTORY
One hundred barrels of wine were seized in a raid in New York

January 16: The law took effect.

January 30: Three members of the Internal Revenue Department engaged in prohibition work were indicted at Chicago on charges of corruption[8].

January 31: Congress was informed that wholesale smuggling of liquor was in progress on the borders. In a letter to the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, George W. Ashworth, Director of the Customs Service, reported that only "an infinitesimal quantity" of this liquor was being seized, advised Congress that it had not adequately prepared to meet the problem and asked for the immediate appropriation of an additional $2,000,000[9].

February 19: Two agents of the Internal Revenue Department engaged in prohibition work were arrested at Baltimore on charges of corruption[10].

February 28: Two carloads of patent medicine containing fifty-five per cent of alcohol were seized in Chicago by government officials[11].

March 11: Federal agents in Brooklyn began a round-up of druggists accused of selling whisky without a prescription from a doctor[12].

March 19: The lower House of the Mississippi legislature voted down a bill proposing to appropriate state funds to aid the federal government in suppressing stills. Major W. Calvin Wells, Federal Prohibition Commissioner for the state, urged the members of the legislature to reveal the sources of liquor which he said was being sold to state officials "openly and brazenly[13]."

May 8: The federal prohibition office in New York City complained that it was not receiving the support of the New York police. "We are making a great many arrests, but the co-operation of the local authorities is absolutely necessary. We don't get that co-operation[14]."

May 24: Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University declared in an address at Boston that people with money and social position were helping to defeat the law. "These so-called 'best people,' who are doing so much to interfere with prohibition enforcement, are causing a great deal of trouble in nearly all parts of the country and they are teaching lawlessness, especially to the young men of the country[15]."

June 2: Captain Hubert Howard, Federal Prohibition Administrator for Illinois, estimated that 300,000 spurious prescriptions had been issued by Chicago physicians since the law became effective[16].

June 6: The special train of the Massachusetts delegation to the Republican National Convention was raided by prohibition agents who seized half its stock of liquor[17].

June 17: District Attorney Clyne reported that the dockets of the federal courts in Chicago were congested with prohibition cases. "Between five hundred and six hundred cases are now awaiting trial[18]."

June 18: The Department of Justice announced that it would be unable to employ special attorneys to handle prohibition cases because of the failure of Congress to provide the necessary funds[19].

June 30: San Francisco was reported to be wide open in honor of the Democratic National Convention. Acting Mayor McLernan later said: "Everybody knew it. The roof of the house was off and San Francisco was entertaining[20]."

July 2: Jail sentences aggregating fifty-nine months and fines totaling $85,000 were imposed on officials of

7. *New York Sun*, January 4, 1920.
8. *Associated Press dispatch*, Chicago, January 30, 1920.
9. *House Document No. 641*, 66th Congress, 2nd Session.
10. *Associated Press dispatch*, Baltimore, February 19, 1920.
11. *Associated Press dispatch*, Chicago, February 28, 1920.
12. *New York Times*, March 11, 1920.
13. *Associated Press dispatch*, Jackson, Miss., March 19, 1920.
14. *New York Times*, May 9, 1920.
15. *New York Times*, May 25, 1920.
16. *New York Times*, June 3, 1920.
17. *New York Times*, June 7, 1920.
18. *New York Times*, June 18, 1920.
19. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, June 8, 1920.
20. *New York Times*, October 7, 1920.

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two companies in New York City manufacturing flavoring extracts and hair tonics. Officials of the two companies were found guilty of withdrawing from bond 25,000 gallons of alcohol which were diverted to beverage purposes[21].

July 25: A Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* reported: "Federal authorities are greatly concerned over the failure of state and city law officers to co-operate with prohibition agents. The fact that the anti-liquor laws are being flouted in many of the greatest cities of the country causes chagrin and disappointment to the government[22]."

Here is a page from the record of the first six months of prohibition. One point it shows clearly. Even within so brief a time as half a year every major question which is now prominent in the problem of enforcement had already raised its head.

The first important case involving the diversion of industrial alcohol had come to trial. The first warning of congestion in the courts had appeared in the form of a federal docket five hundred cases behind schedule in Chicago. The first evidence of lack of co-operation on the part of local authorities had reached the public in the lassitude of the New York police, the unwillingness of the Mississippi legislature to contribute money for enforcement and the complaint of federal authorities in Washington that they were being asked to shoulder the whole burden.

Meanwhile, stills were flourishing in both the cities and the rural districts. Patent medicine was under suspicion. Druggists were being raided. Smuggling on the borders was already a serious enough problem for the Customs Service to report that only a fraction of the liquor run across the border had been seized. The first cases involving a new type of corruption in the service of the government had reached the courts. The problem of insufficient funds had already compelled the Department of Justice to abandon plans to add special prosecutors to its staff. Dr. Eliot of Harvard was rebuking the best people for their complaisant revolt against the law; and both the Republican and Democratic conventions had furnished evidence that certain men in public life and public office were content to break the law while they were writing solemn planks on law enforcement.

All this had happened in six months, before the law had been in operation long enough for its enforcement officers to be handicapped by a defeatist propaganda launched by the wet press. Within a half year's time a miniature "enforcement problem" had shaped itself precisely in the form in which the country was destined to debate it ten years later.

THERE were various ways in which these early symptoms of trouble might be viewed. One realistic and hard-headed way was to recognize that difficulties which had appeared so promptly were likely to be inherent in the law itself; to concede that these difficulties probably could not be wished away merely by insisting that they were inconvenient; and to prepare a program bold enough and sufficiently far-reaching to permit a real attack on the problems of enforcement before they became too formidable to handle. Another way was to ignore all this and to assume that these early difficulties were the work of a few malcontents who would soon retire from the field.

There were several reasons why this second theory was more attractive to the friends of prohibition than the first. Not only did they honestly believe that any early trouble was the result of sabotage rather than a warning of difficulties inherent in the law: it was obviously good tactics for them to say so. For to face the question of inherent difficulties was to raise the question of the wisdom of the law. To denounce the malcontents was merely to insist on public order.

At no stage of these early proceedings did the friends of prohibition raise before Congress or the country the question of what should be done about such matters as congestion in the courts, corruption in the government or the lack of co-operation shown by local authorities. Whatever difficulties had appeared they attributed to a conspiracy against the law and not to the law itself: "a vicious conspiracy," as the Anti-Saloon League put it, at the end of these six months, "to discredit and ultimately overthrow prohibition by violation and non-enforcement[23]."

Whether or not such a conspiracy existed, an illicit trade had plainly begun to flourish in violation of the law. The central problem in destroying this illicit trade was the problem of shutting off its sources of supply. There were four chief sources of supply. It was easy to identify these sources and possible from the very start to understand precisely what efforts would be required to suppress them. The problems which they presented could be measured as accurately in 1920 as in 1930.

The first source was medicinal liquor. It was the least important source but the most obvious. The Eighteenth Amendment had forbidden the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes, but left the legality of liquor for medicinal purposes intact. In these circumstances there was certain to be a very considerable distribution of such liquor. This was not a matter of guesswork but of plainly demonstrated fact. By July 3, 1920, before prohibition was six months old, more than fifteen thousand physicians and more than fifty-seven thousand druggists and manufacturers of proprietary medicines and extracts had applied for license to prescribe and to dispense intoxicating liquor[24].

How was the government to make certain that none of this liquor was so dispensed as to defeat the law?

Underwood

DESTROYING A MOONSHINE STILL
The possibilities of large-scale manufacture soon became apparent

21. *New York Times*, July 3. 1920.
22. *New York Times*, July 25, 1920.
23. *New York Times*, September 19, 1920.
24. *New York Times*, July 4, 1920.

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The government's first task was to check the prescriptions written by the doctors. Its second task was to watch the druggists. It was not enough, for the effective enforcement of the law, to inspect the records from time to time. For the system by which the druggist obtained liquor made it easy for him to cheat the law, if he so desired, and still keep perfect records. On presentation of his permit the druggist withdrew a certain quantity of whisky. By diluting this whisky he could double its quantity and dispose of half of it illegally. The only way to stop him was to catch him in the act. To catch him was the problem of enforcement.

THE second source of supply was smuggled liquor. This was a more important source because its contributions came in larger units. In place of pint flasks across a druggist's counter the government dealt here with truckloads and shiploads of liquor on the border.

The problem may be simply stated. The length of the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf Coasts of the United States is 7,314 miles. The length of the Canadian border is 3,986 miles. The length of the Mexican border is 1,744 miles. The total distance vulnerable to smuggling by land and sea, given enough incentive to make smuggling profitable, is 13,044 miles.

To prevent such smuggling, the government had in 1920 a force of 1,538 prohibition agents[25], whose duties included not only the prevention of smuggling but all other matters pertaining to the law. There were also some 3,000 active customs agents in the field[26]. A limited amount of assistance could be expected from the Immigration Service, the Public Health Service and even the Federal Horticultural Board, which had agents on the borders for other purposes. Along the seacoast substantial help could be expected from the Coast Guard.

The problem of the government was complicated by three factors. First, these various services were wholly uncoordinated; second, their personnel was so meagre that if the entire staff of 1,538 prohibition agents had been relieved of all other duties and placed along the Canadian and Mexican frontiers, each agent would have had three miles of territory to cover, twenty-four hours of the day; third, the shore-line of the United States is richly indented with deep coves, convenient creeks and long stretches of deserted beach in close proximity to the largest cities; for example, on Long Island.

The important question was whether Congress and an administration now faced with the duty of enforcing a national prohibition law would create and maintain a border and coast patrol adequate to prevent the easy importation of illicit liquor. The first six months of experiment in this direction had brought from the Director of the Customs Service a sharp warning that only a fraction of the smuggled liquor had been seized.

The third source of supply was industrial alcohol. It was a munificent source of supply for the reason that the experiment with federal prohibition happened to coincide precisely with the development of a large and varied chemical industry in the United States. Ten years earlier, prohibition would have found this industry comparatively quiescent. By 1920 it was in the full swing of its post-war expansion, developing substitutes for German dyes, discovering new processes like the manufacture of rayon silk and rapidly increasing the long list of industries which required alcohol for a wide variety of products ranging all the way from photographic films to anti-freezing mixture and shaving cream to smokeless powder.

In 1910 the entire production of denatured alcohol in this country had been less than seven million gallons. By 1920 it had jumped spectacularly to twenty-eight million gallons[27]. The problem of preventing any part of this twenty-eight million gallons from being diverted to illicit purposes was a problem not only in devising formulas which would make this alcohol undrinkable, but also in tracing the whole output through the hands of its successive owners from the time it left the special denaturing plants which manufactured it until it reached the ultimate consumer.

UNHAPPILY, the government had no power under the law to go beyond the original purchaser of any products manufactured[28]. Effective enforcement of the law required that the government be given this power, plus enough agents to make certain that at no point in the labyrinth of shippers and jobbers and manufacturers and wholesalers and retailers was alcohol sold to dummy companies which would in turn dispose of it to bootleggers.

FINALLY, it was clear from the first day of national prohibition that illicit stills could be relied upon to furnish a large quantity of liquor and that the business of ridding the country of stills required an effective army of federal or state police.

A commercial still representing an investment of $500 could produce from 50 to 100 gallons of liquor daily. This liquor could be made at a cost of less than fifty cents a gallon and sold for three or four dollars a gallon at or near the place of manufacture. At minimum profit, a still operating at full capacity would pay for itself in four days' time. There was little to lose in having it seized. Another could be purchased with the profits of the next four days. Meantime the basis of operations could be shifted constantly in an effort to escape detection.

As for the small still in a private home: the problem here was Herculean. Not only could a portable one-gallon still be purchased on the open market for as low a price as six or seven dollars, and hidden away to good advantage, as the federal prohibition agent in New York discovered early in his administration; in addition, the public libraries of the country carried on their shelves many books and magazines which discussed the art of distilling liquor with such commonplace utensils as wash-boilers, steam cookers and even coffee percolators.

The government itself had contributed to the existing literature on this subject a number of such pamphlets as Farmer's Bulletin No. 269 (1906), Farmer's Bulletin No. 410 (1910), Bureau of Chemistry Bulletin No. 130 (1910) and Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 182 (1915), describing in detail and with complete simplicity the manufacture of alcohol from such familiar ingredients as apples, oats, bananas, barley, sorghum, sugar beets, watermelon and potato culls. In the simplest form of manufacture, all the equipment needed to make an evil-tasting alcohol was a tea-kettle, a quart of corn meal and an ordinary bath towel.

If the business of ridding the country of commercial stills was a battle with an unseen enemy over a wide front which was constantly shifting, the business of putting a stop to distilling in private

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25. *Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue*, fiscal year ended June 30, 1920, p. 33.
26. *House Report No. 1581*, 65th Congress, 3rd Session.
27. *Industrial Alcohol*, U. S. Treasury Department, 1930, p. 48.
28. *Ibid.*, pp. 24-5.

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▶▶ Exploration Pays—Cash ◀◀

By EARL HANSON

ONE of my explorer friends, who has the business end of his game down to a fine art, recently went into raptures over our present age of exploration. "Never before," he said, "has there been any real money in the game. Think what we have now—the newspapers, the magazines, the movies, endorsements in the ads—all the publicity agencies we know, hell bent not only to make explorers famous but to pay them real money as well."

Quite right. In a day when our jaded nerves must be fed ever increasing doses of the thrilling and the unusual, when radio makes spot news possible from the most remote corners of the earth, when publicity and advertising are supposed to be on a level with the best of the high and noble arts, exploration has, to a certain extent at least, become a paying profession to him who knows the ropes. Advertisers, editors, movie producers, radio magnates, and all the other professional dealers in information, have banded together to help the epic hero carry on his work—with a result that is no less fearful than startling.

To a greater extent than ever before have the business-people taken hold of exploration, has business begun to exploit the world's heroes for its own ends. Some explorers are still financed purely and simply by private means or scientific organizations. Their expeditions are generally as small and unnoticed as their work is excellent and valuable. The rest, especially those who need large amounts of money, nearly always follow the same procedure:—get the endorsement of the scientific program on hand from some scientific body, some geographical society or museum. Then go to the press, the movies, the advertisers for at least partial financial backing in return for sensational news—the stock in trade of these commercial organizations.

The result is seen in bigger and better expeditions, greater and nobler deeds; stronger, if less silent, men. It is laudable to the extent that the general public knows more today about the doings of explorers than ever before. And yet, since the publicity people as a rule know little and care less for concrete scientific values, there is a growing murmur throughout the world, a vague and increasingly articulate wonder as to what it's all about.

Your explorer, at his best, if not a scientist, is at least a collector for science, going to relatively inaccessible regions to gather all the information he can, either in the form of specimens or abstract facts. His chief value, which distinguishes him from the adventurer, is determined by his success as a collector, by the amount of new knowledge of the world that he brings back with him. Where he goes, or how many men have been there before him, are of less importance than what he sees that is new.

FURTHER we need not go. When we remember that the very foundation of our much-vaunted "progress" lies in science's avaricious appetite for seemingly irrelevant and unrelated facts, to be used as raw material in the hocus pocus of evolving useful and orderly knowledge, we can hardly fail to grant the explorer, as one of the collectors of these facts, his great share of utility to the world.

But when we turn to the papers and the movies, so busily talking about these "heroes in the interests of science," we can hardly recognize in their presentations men who do any real and valuable work whatever. The probable reason for this is that the demands of the press differ so vitally from the demands of science. The result is that the press, ever anxious to play up the unusual, plays it up in its old established manner, so stereotyped as to preclude all semblance of novelty.

To my idea of science's attitude toward exploration, let me add what the publicity people seem to think of it. Again and again they have shown that in spite of their protestations they are far less interested in the advancement of knowledge and the progress of exploration than in the activities, whatever they may be, of a few picked heroes.

Personalities are of prime importance. The general method is to build up a name, make it world famous, and then give column after ecstatic column to anything its bearer may do. As far as possible, these men should be built on a sugar-sweet pattern. They should be modest, intrepid and clean, with the idea implied that nobody who does not fit the pattern can collect specimens or facts.

The real standard of achievement almost invariably lies in the matter of priority, not at all in a man's success in keeping his eyes open and bringing back information. Being the first to go any place, or go anywhere in a new way, is of utmost importance if a man wants newspaper fame.

The goal of a newspaper explorer must almost invariably be the reaching of some definite geographical point: one of the poles, the top of a mountain. His observations on the way are apparently of no importance whatever.

In other words, the men who deal out publicity and information to the public don't really want explorers. They want showmen. I can see no objection to that. Vicariously living an epic in the fearful frozen polar regions is often just as much fun for the public, and good clean fun at that, as going to a vaudeville show or a circus.

My one objection lies in the fact that the press and the movies continually come with their pious mumblings about the interests of science, when they show such an utter unconcern for the demands and the aims of science and such an absolute ignorance of real scientific standards of achievement. Even efficiency and skill in travel are relegated to second place by the demands for the spectacular.

AT PRESENT we have the nucleus of a world-wide excitement over Wilkins' plans to use a submarine for arctic exploration. Here we have an excellent illustration of how the press, in general, does explorers a grave injustice.

Wilkins' great purpose, the *leitmotif* that binds all his explorations together into one beautiful whole, is the establishment of a number of weather observatories in the arctic and the antarctic, that will be of inestimable value to farmers, mariners, wheat and wool speculators, and aviators the world over. For that he has to locate possible sites in the antarctic, and wants to discover, if possible, unknown islands in the north.

Now he has simply chosen the best tool for his job. Sledge travel over the ice is too slow and hampered. Ships cannot penetrate the ice, and if they are frozen in and allowed to drift as Nansen's Fram was, they are no longer subject to guidance by the commander. Aircraft are too fast, too dependent on visibility, and too limited in range by supplies at shore-bases to be ex-

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ploration tools that are really practical.

The submarine promises to overcome many of these difficulties. Wilkins, who certainly knows his north, has repeatedly stated that he considers diving under the ice safer than flying over it. In lectures and elsewhere he has discussed his reasons for that belief. Stefansson developed the same idea in his *Northward Course of Empire*.

Do we find any of the reasoning of these two experts in current newspaper accounts? Not a bit of it. We find announcements of a hair-raising plan for a heroic, dangerous trip to the pole, with no apparent sense or purpose, calculated to give the impression, so widely held today, that the Australian's submarine plans are simply a grandstand play for publicity.

Wilkins has suffered before from the apparent inability of the publicists to recognize integrity of purpose and clear, beautiful craftsmanship.

His flight of 1927 is considered by him the greatest of all his arctic ventures, and by many geographers and explorers the greatest flight ever made in the north, a supreme demonstration of skill, ability, and integrity. The newspapers ignored it almost entirely, and in books published this year we see it dismissed with the simple but startling announcement that "his flight of 1927 was also a failure."

It was great for many reasons. In the first place it was not undertaken for the purpose of reaching the pole, but was so routed as to enable exploration of the vast "blind" area north of Alaska, where many indications had previously pointed to the presence of undiscovered land. In the second place it demonstrated what most polar experts had previously claimed was impossible, that airplanes can safely land on the arctic ice. That fact alone immeasurably extends the usefulness of the plane in arctic exploration and possible exploitation. In the third place Wilkins' three soundings, made after his three landings, were not only of tremendous importance to the problem of possible undiscovered land, but were the first soundings ever made by an aerial arctic explorer. Lastly, the feat of Wilkins and Eielson in calmly walking a hundred miles to land after their gas had given out, without any fuss or undue bother, was so sensationally efficient when compared with Amundsen's heroics in 1925 and Nobile's pathetic squawks for help in 1928, that one can only express an arrogant contempt for those publicists who then and now glibly call the whole business a failure.

THOSE who saw the movie of the Byrd expedition, where everything was made to lead up to one great climax, the first flight to the South Pole, spurred on by Floyd Gibbons' breathless balderdash, may see here another illustration of my contentions.

Paramount

Antarctica is a storehouse of information

I admire what Byrd actually accomplished in the south. He revolutionized the technique of exploration through his successful coordination of sledge and plane travel, tied together by the utmost utilization of radio. His exploratory flights to the east, to the Rockefeller Mountains and Marie Byrd Land, made over absolutely unknown territory, were supremely valuable pieces of geographical reconnaissance. The scientific researches of Larry Gould and the radio men and others were of great importance.

To the scientist, Antarctica today is a vast storehouse of information, badly needed for the formulation of tomorrow's knowledge. To the economist the continent is looming as of vast future practical importance. These things are recognized by our present statesmen, as witness England's claims in the Ross Sea Dependency and America's diplomatic avoidance of an open recognition of these claims.

It is knowledge of this kind that gives sense and value to exploration, but the bits of it that appeared in the papers were completely eclipsed by Russell Owen's ebullient dispatches on how the men gave lusty cheers for the commander on every possible occasion, on how noble the puppy dogs were, and how heroically dangerous the flight to the pole was.

In the movie we find even less sanity and purpose, and also direct suppression of interesting and valuable facts. We see the City of New York ploughing her way south through the ice of the Ross Sea, alone with her brave crew on a dangerous and ice-strewn sea. We see no indication whatever that she was towed southward through the ice by the C. A. Larsen, a Norwegian whaler that has for years been making fabulous profits in antarctic waters. Nowhere do we find the slightest notice of the fact that the seas surrounding Antarctica are today of tremendous importance to the soap industries of the world.

Go through the whole publicity-literature of modern exploration, and with very few exceptions you will find its sins of omission as well as commission apparently founded on the same basis: —In spite of their protests about the interests of science, the publicists are concerned with feats of showmanship rather than with useful scientific achievements.

FOR several years advertisements of all sizes and kinds have been telling what the Byrd expedition lugged with it to Antarctica. A complete collection of them would be a revealing bit of Americana by which future historians could judge this commercial age of ours.

When a man's name is used in an advertisement, as a direct or indirect en-

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Heading South

NEXT stop, Evansville, a real southern city although it is in Indiana. A brave city, refusing to go into mourning over the loss of most of its furniture factories to North Carolina, or to spend time in dejected contemplation of the waste spaces along its waterfront, which used to be piled high with freight but are now abandoned to colored urchins fishing for fiddlers.

Mergers and consolidations have contributed to business mortality statistics in Evansville, as they have in virtually every distributing center of the country. The roster of wholesale grocers, druggists and hardware dealers shows just about one-third of the names it contained a decade ago. The survivors, however, are putting up a good fight, and are encouraged just now by fairly satisfactory conditions among the retailers to whom they sell. Evansville has taken hard wallops but is still in the ring.

Louisville, several times as large as Evansville, has managed to keep comfortably in tune with the slogan "business as usual" all through the depression, and is now enjoying a brisk spurt of retail trade in the first cool spell of the season. Manufacturing and wholesaling enterprises are generally in sound condition. Even if this were not so, there would probably be little audible complaining. Louisville is self-contained. It hoes its own row, and vigorously. If business halts a bit, it turns to its city planning and zoning project, or to its home furnishings style show, or the film version of native son Cleves Kinkead's *Common Clay*. And, Allah be praised, there is always the Pendennis Club.

Worrying About Oil

IN THE eight states covered thus far in the September-October itinerary, the question most frequently hurled at us has been "What about oil?" All sorts and conditions of men appear to be interested in the petroleum industry, whether or not they have made any investment in its securities.

Market behavior of the oil stocks at the time these paragraphs are committed to the portable, in a hotel room tantalizingly near the Ohio River, seems to indicate that somebody is seriously concerned about the future of oil investments. The stocks act as though the holders expected bad news any minute.

The situation does not appear to be hopelessly complicated. As followers of the "Indices" provided on this page every week doubtless know, the average daily gross production of crude petroleum in the United States is now about 2,400,000 barrels, which is close to half a million barrels less than a year ago. If production were not restricted by agreement among the producers, it would go sky-rocketing, the market would be glutted, prices would go to pieces and producers and investors would get a bad sock in the solar plexus.

The potential output is, of course, tremendous. That of the Oklahoma City pool alone is estimated at 3,000,000 barrels a day, but actual production there is held down to about 100,000 barrels. This is a delicate situation, and may call for an adjustment, increasing the Oklahoma City quota and reducing settled field production elsewhere, but so long as the restrictions are held in force there appears to be no real need for apprehension. We are inclined to believe that somebody has discovered a mare's nest.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 2—82.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 2—73.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended September 20—952,512 cars (reduction of 13,201 under preceding week and 214,883 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended September 27—60% of capacity (same as preceding week; reduction of 25% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended September 27—daily average gross 2,389,750 barrels (reduction of 32,050 under preceding week and 510,650 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended September 27—2,675,000 bushels (reduction of 894,000 under preceding week; increase of 437,000 over same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 2—$11,770,953,000 (increase of 31.2% over preceding week; reduction of 28.7% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 2—447 (reduction of 41 under preceding week; increase of 51 over same week of 1929).

One Check, Please

IN A bus driven at a dare-devil clip along the north shore of the Beautiful Ohio (this expression used by kind permission of the copyright owners) we encountered a business man who was full to overflowing of the joy of discovery. His business, it seems, had been going fairly well in spite of the depression, but his personal expense account simply wouldn't behave.

He decided on a diagnosis, and made a careful analysis of his expenses for the preceding six months. When he totaled up the cost of his meals at clubs and restaurants he exclaimed "Eureka!" an expression which may be freely translated, "I've been buying too many lunches for other people." The solution of the problem, he said, was fairly simple. He has shifted to the cafeterias, where checks, like trays, are likely to be handled on the basis of each for each instead of one for all.

The new plan may work out satisfactorily, but we venture to suggest that it should be used with some degree of moderation. In selling, whether of goods, services or ideas, a host would seem to have a distinct advantage over a mere tray-companion. When a man lunches or dines with you, as your guest, his thoughts do not side-slip in the direction of the check. They are free for concentration on what you have to say, or to sell. This is probably one reason, if not the chief one, why so many business deals are put through in club dining-rooms.

Walks Like a Man

"I GUESS," said a New York business executive who should surely know better, "we don't need to think much about Russia for a while yet." Our guess is that the gentleman has another guess coming.

Soviet Economic Development and American Business (Horace Liveright $1.50) by Saul G. Bron, former chairman of the board of directors of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, is exactly what one might expect—100 per cent propaganda. And yet there are reasons enough why American business men should read it, or at least know what is in it.

We seem to recall seeing the words "manganese" and "pulpwood" in the newspapers lately. And there is that little matter of the short selling of wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade. If Soviet developments and plans for the future do not constitute a "timely topic," we should not recognize one if we met it face-to-face at Broad and Wall, or in Times (in other papers, Longacre) Square.

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The Outlook for the Railroads

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

BECAUSE of the close relation between transportation and economic progress, whatever happens to the railroads is a matter of great public interest. During the current year the roads have fallen upon hard lines, and this is a matter of concern to many besides the holders of railroad securities. Most railroad executives no doubt will look back on 1930 as a year of trial and tribulation. Month after month they have seen both the gross and the net earnings of their lines register a progressive decline and in the record so far they have found little ground for encouragement.

In January of this year the gross earnings of all the roads, which are a fair index of the volume of transportation, were $36,000,000 less than in the corresponding month of 1929; by March the shrinkage had risen to $64,000,000, and in July it reached $101,000,000.

During the first seven months of this year the gross earnings of the railroads were 13 per cent less than in the corresponding period a year ago, and were the smallest since 1922. This meant a drop in their total income of approximately half a billion.

Meantime, it has not been practicable for the executives to make any corresponding reduction in operating expenses, although in recent months much more has been done along this line than was practicable earlier in the year. While gross revenues to the end of July showed a drop of 13 per cent from last year, operating expenses were reduced less than 9 per cent. As a result, the decline in gross has been followed by a decrease of 23 per cent in net earnings, or an aggregate reduction in this item of a quarter of a billion.

The percentages just stated are for the railroads as a whole. For some of the individual roads the loss of revenue has been much greater. The slump in business has been no respecter of roads or of sections of the country. Only two or three of the smaller systems which, because of peculiar conditions were not doing well a year ago, have fared better in 1930 than in 1929.

From the nature of the railroad business a larger proportional decline in net than in gross earnings was inevitable. The railroads, like other large-scale businesses with a heavy investment in plant, operate at diminishing expense; that is, the larger the volume of their operations the less the cost per unit of product or of service. During a certain period last year a gain of 5 per cent in the railroads' gross brought an increase of 23 per cent in their net. But this year, with a slump in their business, the situation has been completely reversed.

This tendency of net earnings to move in either direction much more rapidly than the gross income or the total volume of business has had much to do with creating the psychology of bull and bear markets. Last year, when business was expanding, profits were mounting in a proportion sometimes two or three times that of the rate of expansion of activity. So long as business continued to expand month after month and profits increased at an accelerated rate stocks looked cheap. But now that profits have been declining at an accelerated rate, the prospect has become less alluring.

SINCE business activity began to decline the railroads as a whole have been slower than most industries to curtail their operating expenses. Indeed, during the first half of the year they embarked on an extensive program of improvements and spent $468,000,000 on roadway, structures and equipment, or about 34 per cent more than in the first half of 1929. There is reason to believe that this outlay, made in a time of falling prices and of a slackened demand for labor, was a good investment from which the roads will benefit hereafter. Some of this expenditure was undoubtedly a result of the conferences in Washington last December, at which a plea was made to the roads to maintain a full program of construction work so as to mitigate the threatened unemployment, and in so far as general business was aided by these operations the railroads themselves shared in the benefits.

The same desire to curtail unemployment may also have deterred many executives from taking drastic measures earlier in the year to reduce expenses. Be that as it may, it is certain that in recent weeks they have shown no further hesitation in laying off workers and resorting to other forms of retrenchment. Early in September, for example, two important western systems laid off over 6,000 shopmen for the rest of the year. This is a sample of what has been taking place all over the country.

Not all of this curtailment represents a real saving. The railroad business is of such a character that if equipment and roadbed are in first-class order maintenance expenditures may be deferred for several months without impairment of operating efficiency, but in the end the outlay will have to be made. It appears that a number of roads are postponing expenditures of this sort to a more favorable season in order to maintain their credit unimpaired under the present adverse conditions.

The main cause of the unfavorable showing of the railroads thus far in 1930 is obviously the drastic decline of activity in practically every line of business in every section of the country. Automobile production in August was less than half of that of twelve months before. Lumber production has declined about a third. Coal, iron and steel output are all subnormal. Agriculture is severely depressed. The result is reflected in a drastic decline in car loadings and consequently in rail revenue.

But the railroads have been meeting with trouble from still another quarter. The competition of motor vehicles has not only caused a loss of traffic but in some cases has forced the roads to reduce their local passenger fares in order to hold what business of this sort still remains to them. Quite recently a similar situation has developed in their freight business. From Texas comes a remarkable story of the sudden development of motor-truck operations in the transportation of cotton from the inland towns to the seaports. The Texas railroads claim that although the cotton season has just begun they have already lost over a million dollars' worth of business to the trucks, and they have been permitted by the State Railroad Commission to reduce their rates on cotton so as to meet this new competition.

While the present and the immediate past have not been a happy period for railway management, the outlook for the "long pull" offers more promise. Earnings will certainly pick up again when business returns to normal, as eventually it must. Motor competition will remain, but the railroads in time will adjust themselves to this situation. The country needs both rails and motors. The railroads in the past have weathered many worse conditions and survived, and they have probably never been so efficient as they are today.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Excellent Poseur

AFTER a cough or two, and a deprecating growl that no one could possibly be interested, Henry Adams would doubtless endorse with mild enthusiasm the collection of his letters which Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford has edited *(Letters of Henry Adams,* Houghton, Mifflin $5). The general reader may wish that the letters threw more light on this enigmatic American. He may be disappointed because few, if any, contain indiscretions. But they are in the Adams spirit; restrained, well-bred, more than a little self-conscious.

Time and the Adams family are eternal. In due course, as old stars die and new ones start on their orbits in the firmament, the treasure chests of the Adams family will be unlocked. Their contents will be published and read by indignant old gentlemen in the Somerset Club. But not yet. It was all very well for Cabot Lodge, corrupted by long service in the Senate, to spread before his inferiors large numbers of letters. The Adams family can wait.

Meanwhile the crumbs will eagerly be gathered. Every one now reads *The Education of Henry Adams.* College girls, returning from a cathedral jag abroad, attempt to digest his *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and chatter to each other that this strange Mr. Adams simply adored stained glass, my dear, and worshipped the Virgin Mary. Fancy that! It is too bad that Henry Adams cannot hear them. He liked young girls; "pigeons" was the term he used in referring to a flock of nieces who swarmed about him in later years. He even enjoyed their inanities.

It took prime conceit for Adams to write his *Education,* even for private circulation as he intended. It took no small degree of false modesty, false in the sense that Adams was not really modest at all, for him to write an autobiography in the third person, as Edward Bok also did. The same conceit, and the same false modesty, are revealed in his letters. They start with the years in Berlin when Adams, a young man of twenty, was perfecting his German. He had nothing to say, he protested to his brother, and therefore had no intention of becoming a writer. In the same breath, however, he refused to consider writing for such trivial journals as the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's.*

One of Rockwell Kent's illustrations in "The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer" (Covici-Friede)

"Of *Atlantic Monthly* and *Putnam* and *Harper* and the men who write for money in them," he insisted, "my opinion is short. Rather than do nothing but that, or make that an object in life, I'd die here in Europe."

This was remaining adolescence, and Henry Adams recovered. In time he wrote for the monthlies, and even compared the prices paid by their hard-pressed editors. One reads the letters of Henry Adams with the same reservation that one reads his *Education.* He was constantly introspective, constantly appraising himself, constantly voicing deprecations only partly meant. He never meant all that he said, particularly when writing about himself.

If the letters are gloomy, as the *Education* is gloomy, if the search for education fails; well, all this also must be taken with quantities of salt. The period covered by these letters, 1858 to 1891, reveals that Adams had his moments and had them in abundance. Mr. Ford has labored under difficulties, for Adams destroyed many of his letters. But many remain, and the sheer gold that illuminates some of them repays dreary plodding through the ones that are dull. There are several priceless notes in which Adams caustically criticizes the first literary efforts of Cabot Lodge. There are letters written after the Civil War in which he voices scorn for those who would crush the South. There are one or two in which he describes the young woman who is to be his wife, and sets forth her virtues and defects.

The letters do not explain Adams. He remains, still, clouded in the fogs of his own introspection. But they offer further evidence of the charm of the man, of his exuberance, of his love of beauty—whether the beauty was that of the dark skins of Samoan maidens, of sunsets in the South Seas, of stained glass in the window of a cathedral. Far superior to any others, are the travel letters. They are among the best that any wanderer, at any time and in any place, has ever written.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

The Week's Reading

"MOSAIC" by G. B. Stern (Knopf $2.50), with a pun for a title, is another of Miss Stern's chronicle, gossip novels of an international Jewish family. This time, the Czelovars, closely related to the Rakonitzes of the earlier books, are the center of the

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crowded, turbulent, chattering scene. Berthe Czelovar, a grand old egotist who lives in Paris, is the leading figure here. Throughout a long life she stirs the lives of her relatives and friends into highly seasoned messes, but most of them escape her spoon and mixing bowl. Lette, Berthe's sister, alone is obedient; suffers and rebels; and is, at last, the only one who loves, though many enjoy and laugh at, the old busybody. But, sublime in self-confidence, Berthe does not recognize defeat. A great number of characters, all a little alike, and some familiar to readers of *The Matriarch,* enliven the pages of *Mosaic.* These family novels are actually grouped character sketches, developed against small events and situations, and held together by mildly ironic social criticism. They make one wonder whether the chit-chat about personalities which marks so much current writing is not a Jewish contribution to modern culture. A little of it goes a long way; but the wit and skill of Miss Stern's writing holds the reader's admiration even while his interest in her people and their affairs flags.

Strike by Mary Heaton Vorse (Liveright $2.50) illustrates the great difficulty of making opinions and current events into a novel. As it was reported in newspapers and liberal journals, the North Carolina textile strike was one of the most dramatic affairs in recent domestic history. It made partisans for the workers out of plenty of hardened capitalists. As it appears in Mrs. Vorse's novel, it is devoid of color, pathos, tragedy, moral stimulus. Mrs. Vorse centers her story on the experiences of Ferdinand Deane, a labor organizer from the North who goes to North Carolina and stays through threats, imprisonment and the constant presence of sudden death, knowing well enough that he will not come out of it all alive, but sticking because the cause of the worker is his life and that cause cannot die. Through the eyes of a reporter, who has some opportunity to hear both sides of the question, the scene is described. It is enraging and harrowing, but it is so, not because Mrs. Vorse makes it so, but because one remembers what did happen, has happened before, is pretty certain to happen again. The object of Mrs. Vorse's book was not to present facts or to sway judgments. Its object was to fire the brain and heart. And that it does not do. Many great novels have been written with such an object, have been propaganda for causes, great and small. To take the first examples that come to mind, Dickens and Tolstoi were successful propagandists. And today the best of the war books are powerful propaganda for peace and inspire men to seek it. But irony and passion are the qualities which a novel must have if it is to inspire men to action. And, however much she may feel both, Mrs. Vorse has been able to put neither into her book.

The Deepening Stream by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace $2) is a long, emotional and absorbing story of the life of a woman who grows through experience to light. Beginning as the story of two sisters and a brother who develop from the same home setting three different attitudes toward life, it becomes actually the story of Matey, for the illumination of whose characteristics, the brother and sister become foils, albeit well-rounded ones. Western college towns, rural France, a Quaker village on the Hudson and Paris in War time are the scenes through which Matey moves toward the fulfillment of her being. The story is well provided with tense scenes, and with touching ones over which the gentle reader can weep. And to any one who loves and admires the French, Mrs. Fisher's fine interpretation of French life and character is welcome. But the novel seems to this reviewer chiefly noteworthy because, in the midst of "realistic" writing, it presents fairly and simply the picture of people who are brave and kind and good, and makes them *real.* We are in danger, if we study life and character only in modern fiction, of forgetting that such people can be. And the dispassionate observer sometimes wonders if instead of our fictional characters growing more like us, we are not growing more like them. Such novelists as Mrs. Fisher are badly needed in order that the balance may be preserved. And for that purpose she is particularly valuable because she unites to an understanding of men and women which is based on experience plus reflection, the ability to write a good, straightforward, dramatic novel of the conflict of character and event. Her standard of achievement is high.

F. L. R.

Saint Johnson by W. R. Burnett (Lincoln, MacVeagh: The Dial Press $2) has gun-play galore in it and a jacket portrait of an old-time bad man that would scare a tenderfoot stiff. Although the *Atlantic Monthly* called *Little Caesar,* Burnett's gangster tale, "beautiful," and Heywood Broun found "infinite pathos" in *Iron Man,* the prize-

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fighter saga, one reads Burnett's stories for their tense descriptions of violent action. "Saint" Wayt Johnson is drawn from Wyatt Earp, famous in Arizona annals. Wayt tried to clean up Alkali (Tombstone). He meant well but was hampered by a worthless brother, and, when the enemy plugged the brother Wayt's fraternal affection led him to do some shooting which may have been technically correct but which certainly did not make for peace. We have here vivid pictures of an Arizona town of the eighties, feuds between miners and cowboys, street fights, faro banks, profuse drinking and all that. There is plenty of shooting, the fatalities are gratifying, and the thrill is hot and strong.

Lord Balfour by Sir Ian Malcolm (Macmillan $2.50) is a small book of personal recollections of the statesman by his private secretary.

Hamilton Fyfe, author of *Northcliffe, an Intimate Biography* (Macmillan $4), is well within bounds when he calls Northcliffe the most astounding person Fleet Street has ever known. He was dynamic, dictatorial, dazzlingly bold. Mr. Fyfe has industriously gathered stories of the sayings and doings of his former chief, and brings out amusingly his tense, epigrammatic talk as well as his astonishing activity. Thus, Northcliffe declared —"What I say three times is true." "I can hear you snore as soon as I get into the street," he said to a lethargic editor. He told the staff of the grave *Times* that it should start an "Alert Ideas Department." The chapter on The Development of the Stunt is uproarious in its account of the novelties which introduced the new journalism. When Northcliffe bought *The Times,* he was asked if he would reduce the price of the paper —then threepence. He said, "No, I shall make the paper worth threepence." But with all his versatility and audacity, up to the time of the Great War, Northcliffe, as Mr. Fyfe points out, was always bold in his own interest, never in an impersonal cause. It is made clear here that his attack on Kitchener for failing to provide high-explosive shells was an attack on outworn methods and flabby administration. Highly valuable were Northcliffe's services as head of the British War Mission in America which expended something like ten million dollars a day. And this book brings out particularly well the fact that as Minister for the Destruction of German Confidence Northcliffe put in operation a remarkably effective propaganda which, although it was laughed at, helped greatly (the Cologne *Gazette* says) in causing "the moral collapse of the German people." Ludendorff declared that Northcliffe was "a master of mass-suggestion," and Hindenburg was bitter because the troops were demoralized by Northcliffe's leaflets. Altogether the war activities of the sensational editor were unselfish and extensive, even if he did quarrel with Lloyd George, Wells and almost every one else. This is truly an "intimate" biography. No other book about Northcliffe begins to equal it in giving all sides of the extraordinary man. And as sheer entertainment it is notable.

R. D. T.

Three Titans by Emil Ludwig (Putnam's) is an interpretation of the lives and characters of Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Beethoven. It is intelligent and sound if not startlingly new. A far better picture of Rembrandt can be had from Hendrik Van Loon's book *R. v. R.* Ludwig Sunday-supplement style of writing is now familiar to thousands of readers. When applied to studies of these three sublime artists it has somewhat the effect of a ludicrous insult. An attempt to popularize understanding of the mind and soul of the artist is an attempt foredoomed to failure. A subject which can never become public property is best treated in a restrained and dignified manner. You will learn nothing new from this book, what you already know may be confused, and, unless your taste runs to the ostentatious and explosive in literature, your opinion of Ludwig will be lowered.

According to the Flesh, the biography of Mrs. Eddy by Fleta Campbell Springer, which was serialized in The Outlook, is now published by Coward McCann $3.

F. L. R.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery; **Pursuit,** by Roland Pertwee: Houghton, Mifflin.
Novel: **The Deepening Stream,** by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt, Brace.
Biography: **Taking the Curtain Call,** by Doris Arthur Jones: Macmillan.
Miscellaneous: **The Dilemma of the Liberated,** by Gorham Munson: Coward McCann.

Behind the Blurbs

Wood Kahler's second novel, *Smart Setback*[1], is amusing, but not as amusing as his first, perhaps because he has tried to give it a meaning. Rylda Wade is bored with life. Her mother is a society leader, her husband a banker. She meets Kent Cranford at a party, and in the course of trying to get him to give her life a plot, becomes his mistress. But Kent's ideas aren't of much use to her, so she finally gives him up and goes into the fashion business in an endeavor to give meaning to life. An entertaining book, and civilized (by which today we mean a bit bawdy), but lacking the high spirits which made Mr. Kahler's first so much fun. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Short Stories of Saki*[2] have just been pub. in one vol., with an introduction by Christopher Morley. If you don't know Saki, we advise you to rush out and buy a copy at once. The stories and sketches are all very short—there are about 135 of them in this vol. of 700 pages—and while some are better than others, there is none that does not contain at least a few of those scintillant phrases that Saki made so easily. There is a precision in his wit that has seldom been equaled,

1. Knopf, $2.50.
2. Viking, $3.00

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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Fiction

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

Charlie Chan Carries On, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs, Merrill. Murders all around the world, and the engaging Chinaman solving the mystery. Reviewed October 1.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

Blowing Clear, by Joseph Lincoln: Appleton.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining protrait of the President as revealed in fifty years of intimate association. Reviewed June 25.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Letters of Henry Adams, edited by Worthington C. Ford: Houghton, Mifflin. Reviewed in this issue.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. Noteworthy history of America's most distinguished family. Reviewed June 18.

In This Issue

JOSEPH LILLY is a staff writer for the Scripps-Howard newspapers and a resident of New York City. His article embodies the result of a recent extensive investigation into the Boulder Dam controversy.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE is a former editor of the *Living Age* and a frequent contributor to the magazines. Mr. Binsse specializes in European affairs.

EARL HANSON is an independent writer, specializing in exploration, on which subject he has recently written many magazine articles. Mr. Hanson has made a close study of both the Byrd and Wilkins Polar expeditions.

Next Week

The Senate's Bad Boy, by Ray T. Tucker.

As Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Committee, Senator George H. Moses is faced with the task of re-electing the very progressives he termed "sons of the wild jackass."

The Tariff Hits Milady, by Jerry Maxwell.

As long as the average American woman prefers European-made merchandise to domestic, the author asserts, the result of the recent tariff will be to force retailers either to keep their prices down and lose money or to raise their prices and lose business. The coincidence of the tariff with the current business depression is, furthermore, certain to invite retaliation.

Congress Dodges Enforcement, by Charles Merz.

In Part Four of **The Dry Decade** Mr. Merz considers the attitude of Congress toward the problem of enforcement in 1920. By yielding lip service to the drys and not voting enough appropriations to enable the government even to approach general enforcement, Congress soon established itself in a politically comfortable position.

Victoriana, by Claude Bragdon.

Although it is easy to poke fun at the Victorians' attitude toward sex, Mr. Bragdon still prefers Robert Browning to James Joyce.

and his irony is both delicate and devastating. ☙☙☙ On the shelf beside Saki should go the works of Ernest Bramah, whose *Mirror of Kong Ho*[3] is just out. In an elaborate and circumlocuitous style it relates the adventures of a young Chinese gentleman in England. His solemn and intricate misinterpretations of English customs, the amazing difficulties into which he gets himself, make the book a delight. The reward of his efforts to make himself agreeable is usually surprising to him, although he occasionally turns the tables with a bland neatness that is breath-taking, as on the occasion when two crooks try to work an old confidence game on him. "The sagacious bird does not build his nest twice in the empty soup tureen," he observes to the police officers who congratulate him on having beaten the crooks at their own game. ☙☙☙ *In the Forest of the Hanged*[4], Apostol Bologa, Rumanian lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian Army, assists at the execution of a brother officer, a Czech, who has attempted to desert. The story follows the struggle in Bologa's mind between the loyalty he owes to the army and the loyalty he owes to his own country. Transferred from the Russian to the Rumanian front, his own desertion at last becomes inevitable. From this viewpoint war shows a different pattern to that pictured in most of the English, French and German war books,—a pattern which must have been horribly familiar, however, to thousands of soldiers. The novel is written with great sensitiveness. The author, Liviu Rebreanu, is a well known Rumanian novelist and playwright. ☙☙☙ Mild enough (as thrillers go) is the beginning of *The Yellow Mistletoe*[5]. An inoffensive little parson is found dead on the stairs leading down into the Leicester Square tube station. But the first thing you know there's a mysterious Italian mixed up in it, and then the gods of ancient Greece take a hand, and the clergyman's daughter disappears. Then it comes out that there's a strange race living in the mountains of Bulgaria who go in for human sacrifice and various other horrors, and three young English folk set out to rescue the girl from them. After which the thrills come thick and fast, with murderous Bulgarian bandits and diabolical monks and beautiful arsenic eaters and the gigantic King of the Woods with whom the hero says "I will do battle for thy sake." And he chopped off the king's head and they all lived happily ever after. Not very convincing, but action plus.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3. Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.
4. Duffield, $2.50.
5. By Walter S. Masterman: Dutton, $2.00.

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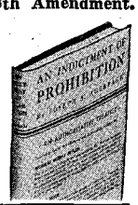

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Political Perspective

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE great curse of American historiography is lack of political perspective. History is, as it were, a matter of mathematics, the "two plus two equals four" of recorded events. When, however, the calculus of politics is applied to the historical equation, the answer is not so simple. In no field have our historians been so deficient in perspective as in their view of the War and of the peace which followed it. Forests have gone into paper and rivers of ink have flowed to prove (a) that Germany caused the War, (b) that Germany did not cause the War, and (c) that we ought to do something about it, join the League, repudiate the League, outlaw war, build the largest navy in the world, or turn our backs upon the whole "European mess."

If one leaves history aside and considers the political background of the War, as apart from the diplomatic, the answer to all these questions is quite different to that of the historians. Germany did provoke the War; the selfishness of the Entente forced the Germans into an aggressive position; all attempts to guarantee the peace are simply calculated to render the victors more secure in their possessions and the more moral these attempts are, the more they will serve to force upon unjustly circumscribed nations in the future the rôle of the aggressor. That this is the case is amply borne out by Harold Nicolson's extraordinary *Portrait of a Diplomatist* (Houghton Mifflin), which is one of the few great modern works of political biography.

Mr. Nicolson has here written the life of his father, Sir Arthur Nicolson, who spent a life-time in the British Diplomatic Service, was Ambassador to Russia, and Permanent Undersecretary of the British Foreign Office from 1910 to 1916. He negotiated the Anglo-Russian Entente and was the *fons et origo* of the policy of "encirclement" against Germany. At Algeciras, he kept the Germans out of Morocco and his successful attempt to thwart the logical expression of German world power produced that aggressiveness at Berlin of which the English so bitterly complained.

Mr. Nicolson has written candidly and fairly of the whole process: the shabby fraud of the Portuguese Colonies, the Algeciras Conference at which Germany was euchred out of her rights, the attempt to bulldoze the Bagdad railway project, the innocent military and naval "conversations," royal visits and friendly understandings, by which France and Russia received tacit assurance of British support *a l'outrance* against the most vital power on the European Continent. He does not blame Germany for her ambition nor hold her guilty of the War. *Portrait of a Diplomatist* is the first key to sane political perspective on the World War and the world peace. Written in a delightful style, informed in every sentence with irony and sense, it is one of the few books no one who pretends an interest in world affairs can afford to miss.

One would wish that Bernadotte E. Schmitt's *The Coming of the War 1914* (Scribner) were a little more informed. It is the best of the who-killed-Cock-Robin books, representing ten years of exhaustive research. It is fair, readable and spreads the record as neither Fay nor Harry Elmer Barnes has done. However, Professor Schmitt fails to grasp the point. He believes that Britain signed the Anglo-Russian Agreement to keep the Germans out of Persia, when Nicolson makes it abundantly clear that its purpose was simply a defensive measure to make it possible for Russia and England to co-operate in Europe by settling their disputes in Asia. It was a shabby enough performance without adducing extraneous elements and, as a matter of fact, the British seriously considered at first interesting the Germans in Persia in order to offset the Russian menace. Similarly, Schmitt credits Gray with being a Locarnoist before his time. In the historical sense, that is perfectly accurate; in the political sense it is tommy-rot. Gray was concerned to preserve the peace, as war was the greatest risk to the British Empire. At the same time, he had given France and Russia such expectations of British support that the record of British Entente diplomacy promised that the conference he sought in 1914 would simply be another occasion for forcing the Germans to forego their rights. That is the difficulty with the historical record; it only tells a fraction of the truth. Recorded facts are like the one-tenth of the iceberg which appears above the surface, fretted into marvellous and irrelevant shapes. History is supported by a submerged bulk of politics nine times as great in mass, which control the movements of the berg. Diplomatically, Great Britain was right; politically, Germany had by far the better case.

JOHN CARTER.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

IF THERE is a better actor than Arthur Sinclair speaking the English language it just means that I don't get around much. Certainly I have never seen anything to rival Mr. Sinclair's performance in *Mr. Gilhooley* except his own work in *Juno and the Paycock* with the Irish Players a few seasons back. His portrayal of a middle-aged tippler torn with jealousy of an unseen lover of his too young mistress is so real and effortless that it has the astounding result of making Miss Helen Hayes's very fine performance seem just the least bit forced in comparison. *Mr. Gilhooley* is the story of a man who picks up a girl on a Dublin street corner, intending her merely as a companion for the night. She is not the ordinary street walker, however, and the affair becomes one of a more permanent nature. The man is middle aged and realizes that he cannot hope to hold her entirely, but his emotions overcome his reason and when she goes out riding with a younger man, he brutally murders her on her return. The play seemed a little thin in the writing, but the performances of Mr. Sinclair and Miss Hayes would make a far slenderer drama well worth seeing.

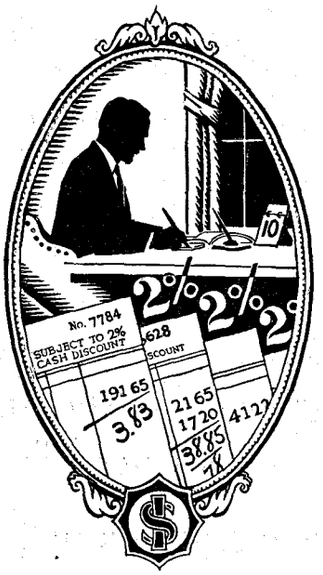
Brilliant acting in negligible plays seems, in fact, to have been the order of the week. *The Greeks Had a Word for It* serves chiefly to demonstrate that Muriel Kirkland's success last year in *Strictly Dishonorable* was in no way accidental. The lass can act. This time she is one of three ladies of dubious virtue whom Miss Zoë Akins, the author, uses to show that the wages of sin is plenty of money, good food, and champagne at tea time. It all goes along merrily enough in the regulation wise-cracking manner, but it is always just stunt writing without any sound emotion behind it.

One, Two, Three, by the eminent Hungarian, Ferenc Molnar, is one idea that it should take about twenty minutes to get all the fun out of stretched out to over an hour. Arthur Byron, who has been on the American stage for forty years, is hard pressed indeed to remember enough of the tricks of the trade to make the thing anything but very monotonous. The play deals with the efforts of a Napoleon of Central European finance to turn a chauffeur into a presentable son-in-law for a wealthy and snobbish American automobile manufacturer. Naturally, they include changing his clothes, getting him washed and shaved, and buying him a title. More trick writing is on exhibition in *Nine Till Six,* a play about what goes on in a millinery and dressmaking shop in Regent Street, London, by Aimee and Philip Stuart. The trick here is to keep any men from appearing on the stage, and it must be said that for two acts, at least, they aren't missed a bit. Even in the third act it isn't the absence of what was once known as the stronger sex that gives me a chance to carp. It is only that the authors insist on giving us a cloying presentation of the hardships both of the working girl and of her employer which is pretty hard to have to listen to—especially after the interesting, amusing, and well played first two acts. But don't let that keep you away from *Nine Till Six:* it is more than atoned for by some of the best acting of the season by a cast from which it would be unfair to single out any one for individual praise.

Mr. Charles Hopkins has departed from his usual ways. The last few seasons he has begun by putting on plays which don't even fill his own tiny theatre for more than a week or so. Then he digs up some dish of slop by A. A. Milne, miscasts it, and the darn thing runs the rest of the winter and on into the spring. This year he has begun with Benn W. Levy's *Mrs. Moonlight,* put a notably good cast into it, and has given us an evening which is sheerly delightful. A beautiful lady wished she would always look the same, got her wish, and lived to regret it. Granted that I am rankly sentimental about any play that deals with English life in the Eighties and Nineties and compares it with the present, I still think that Mr. Levy has been penetrating in his characterizations at the same time that he has been tender and perhaps just a little whimsical.

Recommended Plays

Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook's strabismic humor and some good dancing.
Flying High: Excellent musical comedy held over from last season.
Garrick Gaieties: The Guild youngsters in a pleasant intimate revue.
Ladies All: What used to be known as *risque.*
Little Show: The best dancing chorus in town.
Lysistrata: Aristophanes Broadwayed.
Nina Rosa: Vigorous rendition of a typical Romberg score.
Once in a Lifetime: Brilliant, penetrating and hilarious satire on the movie industry.
Strictly Dishonorable: It looks like a hit.
That's Gratitude: Frank Craven's genial comedy.
The Green Pastures: Beautiful Negro miracle play.
The Last Mile: Grisly drama of a prison break.
Torch Song: Well played piece about the consanguinity of sex and religion.
Up Pops the Devil: Financial difficulties of a young Greenwich Village couple made very funny indeed.



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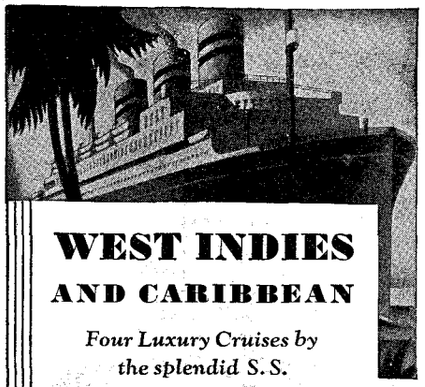

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Atlantic"

FOR sheer dramatic shock and tension, A. E. Dupont's British film *Atlantic* depicting the final three hours on a sinking liner, surpasses anything I can recall except possibly *All Quiet*. (Dupont, you may remember, is the German who made *Variety* in the old UFA days.) Obviously inspired by the story of the sinking of the Titanic, and made in fact from Ernst Raymond's play *The Berg, Atlantic,* due to the flexibility of the sound motion picture, becomes infinitely more graphic than any stage play might ever hope to be. Dupont has lost none of power by the addition of sound. While he is chiefly interested in a half dozen men and women who sit drinking in the bar, his camera keeps alive to the signals, the engines, the valves and all the other mysterious and vital elements which undergo changes when the ship strikes the iceberg. Again he has shots of shrieking men and women fighting for places in the insufficient lifeboats—of the ship's orchestra bundled in overcoats and life-preservers attempting to play lively tunes on the deck—of the black gang fighting its way up the narrow stairs from the stoke hole—and of the water gradually rising while those left behind sing hymns. But for all its devastating realism *Atlantic* is never morbid or gruesome. Furthermore it avoids with considerable skill that sentimentality which movie directors so often resort to in such moments. Rather it is charged with a horrific feeling of suspense. Charles Rosher's photography also deserves special mention. It is excellent. *Atlantic* may be raw meat, but a little raw meat is good for you once in a while. It was produced, by the way, in Elstree, just outside London. If the British send over a few more like this one and *Young Woodley,* Hollywood will have something to worry about.

"A Lady Surrenders"

Due to three smooth performances and John Stahl's equally smooth direction *A Lady Surrenders* is much, much better than it sounds. I have not read John Erskine's *Sincerity* from which it was made—but the movie takes the palsied old story of the neglected husband and the wife's sympathetic girl-friend, and makes it into a delightfully refreshing comedy-drama. It would be unfair to tell anything of the story, so I shall only say that Genevieve Tobin is the attentive friend, Rose Hobart the hard-boiled novelist wife, and Conrad Nagle the deserted husband. In spite of my personal distaste for Mr. Nagle's colorlessness, I must recommend *A Lady Surrenders* as an amusing and moderately engrossing evening. As for Miss Rose Hobart, she is new to the screen—and probably its most beautiful acquisition since Ann Harding. For some reason which I cannot explain, Miss Hobart photographs more naturally than most movie women. She looks quite human, not as though she had stuck her head in a flour-barrel. She is a very modern sort of young lady and reminds you a little of Kay Francis. She has been on the stage for some years.

To get back to *A Lady Surrenders* (Universal)—it has a good many surprising turns and holds your interest to the very last. I think it will rate with some of the best Ruth Chatterton films. Certainly anything as sprightly or intelligent as this would have been impossible on the screen ten years ago.

"What a Widow!"

After a more or less serious drama, Gloria Swanson has gone in for a wild farce dressed up with quantities of slinky Paris gowns and houses full of violent modernistic furnishings. Yes, girls, you'll get an eye-full in this one. You see, she's a widow with $5,000,000 to spend—and she goes to Europe on the Ile de France, attracting first a Russian violinist, then a Spanish pianist, and at all times Owen Moore, her American lawyer. Lew Cody is not so funny as a comedy drunk, and there really isn't much plot—but if you like a fashion parade, *What a Widow!* will do. Miss Swanson sings several times in her usual fashion—which is fair enough.

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: D. W. Griffith's story of Lincoln's life with a beautiful performance by Walter Huston.
Africa Speaks: A travel film with some extraordinary shots and one ghastly one—the sounds are not very convincing.
All Quiet on the Western Front: The greatest war film yet produced—honest, uncompromising and devastating.
Animal Crackers: Uproarious comedy with the Marx brothers.
Hell's Angels: Exciting pictures in a Zeppelin, surrounded by an unusually sappy story.
Monte Carlo: Handsome and amusing light comedy directed by Ernst Lubitsch.
Old English: George Arliss as another feeble but sagacious old man.
The Office Wife: Surprisingly well-done version of the stenographer-boss romance, with novel variations.
Outward Bound: Leslie Howard and some other fine actors in a metaphysical bit about life after death. Well done.
Young Woodley: Well-made British talkie based on a recent stage play. School-boy life in England.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Snake

IN THE beginning of their marriage, she had used to wonder:—how could she ever explain it to her husband, who was a strong man, fond of out of doors and afraid of nothing? Would he ever been able to understand what this feeling meant to her?

"You see," she would try to make it clear, touching his sleeve to bring him nearer, and puzzling her young forehead like an old person trying to recognize a child, "it's ever since I was a little girl. Like the color of my eyes and hair that began with somebody else and wasn't me at all."

"But, you're not a little girl now," he would point out gravely and patiently, "you're grown up. And you're not going to let a childish fear spoil your pleasure?"

"No, no," she would answer doubtfully.

"You've got good sense," he would say approvingly, "and all you've got to do is just make up your mind to *not* be afraid of 'em. And having done that you'll find you've suddenly stopped being afraid."

"But—but—" she would sometimes protest and close her eyes and clench her hands on darkness, "they kill people."

He would explain to her then in a quiet, reassuring voice that only a few snakes were poisonous, that all you had to do to be safe was know the remedy; that most snakes once you got to know them were not only friendly but they were really quite useful.

But "No! No!" she would cry out in terror, her fingers in her ears and her eyes staring from a white face.

So he had stopped discussing it. He must have seen that after all this was where she was still a little girl—a child at heart.

But no man wants a little girl for a wife, she would tell herself resolutely. And "Make up your mind to *not* be afraid," she would say fiercely to—to somebody. Not to herself, his wife, but to that child that she had been, a small creature shuddering with fear at the thought of a snake, remembering the terror of previous experience, still so vivid and heart-rending.

As time went on and she practiced courage, it almost seemed to her as though the little girl that had been cowardly so long ago, were real. And she treated the little thing very badly, scolding and abusing her, threatening her and refusing to listen. Almost as if she herself were two people, one grown up and brave, tramping the woods and countryside with her husband; the other, invisible and frightened and small, dragged firmly by the hand over stones and rough grass, steered brusquely over fences and through gates, powerless to communicate her fear to her companion.

Of course he must have known on their Sunday outings and picnics in the woods that the shadowy little girl was along, stumbling and crying out and getting in the way. A curved stick lying by the roadside, the shadow of a moving branch, a rustle at her feet, betrayed her many a time into his arms, clutching, gasping, "It's not me—silly—childish—it's not me."

She became a middle aged woman finally, without quite having managed to leave the child behind. But she was sterner with it now, and more impatient and she ignored it more, feeling safer than she had during her early married life.

She had almost forgotten that the child had once seemed real; had long ago been real, had been herself. Occasionally she heard herself admitting casually, "Why yes, I've always been afraid of snakes." And that was all she said about it.

But on an afternoon one warm July she suddenly remembered. Walking beside her husband on their Sunday outing, she looked up and saw blackberries swollen ripe and shining black beside the road. Almost as eagerly as he, she stopped and stretched her hand and pushed into the bushes. As she touched the berries something darted, something small and dark and struck her arm. And as it struck, the cold hands of a shadowy child tore at her heart, squeezing its beat, like icicles; strangling her breath even as she cried out, and fell.

Her husband caught her in his arms and stared. On her right wrist was the slow red swelling of a bee sting—nothing else—nothing more—he spoke to her reassuringly. Nothing. Only a bee.

But she still hung heavily on his arm, refusing to answer. He supposed it was natural—ever since she had been a little girl. He looked closer, his heart pounding; for here was no little girl, and there had been no snake. Yet, in his arms his wife was lying dead.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WHEN we were in Munich last summer we spent the best part of a happy day in one corner of the enormous Deutsches Museum. We went through the galleries of the coal, salt and copper mines—exact replicas of existing mines, with life size figures of miners at work, and all machinery in working shape, so that the attendant could turn on the power and give you an actual demonstration of what goes on. We turned switches and saw models of engines of all kinds do their stuff. In the big machinery hall full size machines were whirring and clanking and thumping. There were models of practically every vehicle ever used, of scientific instruments, of manufacturing processes. And wherever possible, these models were made so that the visitor could set them in operation. The entire development of science and industry is shown in this museum. But why, we wondered, didn't New York have anything like that? And then we discovered that a start had been made, in the Museum of Peaceful Arts, now in the News Building on East 42nd Street. This museum, though still little more than a nucleus of what it will some time become, is well worth a visit. At present, to commemorate its occupation of new quarters, it is holding a special exhibit: The Machine Age. Other exhibits will follow from time to time, but in addition to these is a permanent exhibition of various scientific working models which will fascinate you. Turn a switch and various types of gears and engines start to work; press a button and see the Alpha particles leap from the parent atom. We advise you to be sure to visit this museum. Not only will you be immensely entertained, you will absorb painlessly quite a bit of scientific knowledge.

THE worst place in the world to be caught out in a sudden shower is the rumble seat of a roadster. True, but here is the Rumble Seat Slicker, which drops over two people, leaving only their faces exposed to the tempest, and fastens down to the car with vacuum cleats. The seven-fifty you will invest in one of these garments is very little as insurance against pressing and dry cleaning bills.

A 28-INCH high garden hose reel holding 150 feet of 5/8 inch hose, so arranged that both ends of the hose are always accessible and it is unnecessary to do a Charlie Chaplin act in order to get the nozzle out first, is an item which is not particularly timely, but we want to tell you about it now for we'll certainly forget about it before next spring.

THOSE nests of small tables are useful, but most of those we have seen are much too flimsy. We can recommend, however, a nest of three modernistic tables, which having solid sides, rest on straight edges instead of on spidery legs. Solid maple, finished or unfinished, and the top one 9 x 18 inches, and 21 inches high.

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COACH models seem to be taking the place of ship models in the bric-a-brac fanciers' affections. You can get all sorts of colonial coaches at very reasonable prices—George Washington's, for instance, two feet long, complete with horses, for $25. You can even get them in bottles. But then, all sorts of queer things come in bottles nowadays.

WE DON'T know just what you'd do with scented candles, but anyway, you can buy them now—rose, violet, narcissus, jasmine and gardenia, 12 inches long, and each odor a different color.

PUFF billiards is a new game in which a bellows takes the place of the cue. It's a game for three, and the board is circular. The ball is of cork. Another good game is Kikit, for two, four or eight players. It works on the principle of hockey or soccer.

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First Stones on Boulder Dam

(Continued from Page 254)

your municipal Department of Power and Light as a corporation, the Boulder Dam appropriation would not have been passed. Congress had confidence in the department, a going concern with sound resources, a surplus built up for emergencies, and substantial net profits. You have to thank Mr. (E. F.) Scattergood, (chief electrical engineer), and Mr. (W. B.) Matthews, (chief legal adviser), for what they have done with this municipal enterprise. When I first came into office as Secretary of the Interior, I know they gave me a lesson concerning it that I have not forgotten."

Coming from this Cabinet officer within a few days of President Hoover's latest pronouncement against public operation of Muscle Shoals this testimonial has extraordinary value. Nevertheless, it sounded somewhat tart to those supporting the Department because it was Wilbur who whipped it into accepting the Boulder Dam compromise. Still, the blame is not all upon Wilbur, and, despite the preponderance of Eastern liberal opinion against him, Los Angeles does not hold him responsible. The compromise had its inception in Congress which rather side-stepped the issue in the Boulder Dam enabling act after it had decreed in the Federal Water Power Act that in the distribution of hydro-electric power municipalities and other political sub-divisions were to have preference over private corporations. The point was clearly raised and as clearly evaded in the final debate before the passage of the Boulder Dam Act in the Senate. Borah offered an amendment providing specifically that the power should not go to corporations, but he withdrew it and no other champion put it forward. Even so, commentators regarded the passage of the act as a defeat for private power interests.

E. C. Finney, Wilbur's departmental solicitor, who had figured so prominently in giving legal opinions in the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil scandals, held that Wilbur would be justified, in the "public interest," in doling out the power to private companies, if, in his opinion, they offered stronger financial security and higher responsibility. Senator Johnson and Representative Swing, the authors of the enabling act, howled loudly, but soon subsided and Wilbur's decision was allowed to stand.

Wilbur's decision was not, however, the only surprise. All during the long fight for construction of the dam the Southern California Edison Company and its allied corporations opposed the

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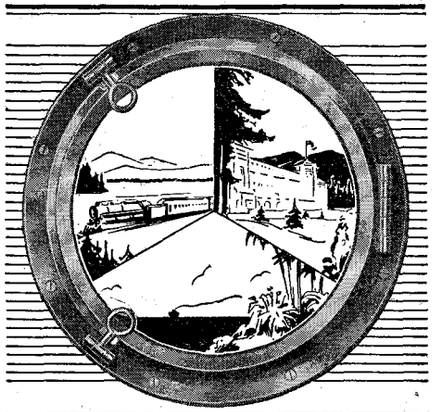

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project bitterly on the ground that it was unnecessary. Yet, when Wilbur invited bids for the disposal of the power, the Edison company asked for all of it, and, assured that it could not get that, it asked for a share. Then, despite its costly antagonism, it was among the first to be recognized.

Los Angeles, the Metropolitan Water District, and eleven small towns in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, could use every kilowatt developed at Boulder Dam, not only for municipal lighting and industrial power, but for pumping Colorado River water through a 350-mile aqueduct to Los Angeles. They asked for all of it and they offered security to show that they could fulfill their contract. But Wilbur, armed with the opinion of Finney, held the Edison company was entitled to a share.

Upon the representations of W. C. Mullendore, counsel for the Edison company, Wilbur held that citizens outside the municipalities, citizens now served by the Edison company and its allied interests, were as much entitled to the benefits of Boulder Dam power as Los Angeles and its allies. It is true that they were, but they had none of the qualifications stipulated in the law by which they could claim their share. To Wilbur, however, they had the Edison company, and, accordingly he ruled that they should have their "share."

His distribution was as follows: 36 per cent of the firm horsepower to the Metropolitan Water district to pump potable water through the 350-mile aqueduct; 18 per cent to Arizona and 18 per cent to Nevada; 6 per cent to municipalities other than Los Angeles; 13 per cent to Los Angeles and 9 per cent to the Southern California Edison Co., the Southern Power Co., the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation and the San Diego Consolidated Gas & Electric Company.

The revenue from the sale of power, plus the revenue from the potable water, will pay within fifty years for the construction of the dam and the installation of electrical equipment, both of which, however, remain in the possession of the federal government, which, of course, advances the necessary funds for everything except the Los Angeles aqueduct.

It was up to Los Angeles to accept or reject, and its negotiators, including Scofield, Scattergood and Dr. John R. Haynes, were under great pressure, with the Los Angeles Record, a Scripps-Canfield paper, urging them to reject. But they accepted, being unable to assume responsibility for a delay that might involve the destruction of the Imperial Valley, and postpone the addition to the city's vital water supply. They doubted also that either Congress or their own public would support them.

Thus Boulder Dam's power, the first of the nation's great hydro-electric developments involving an interstate stream, was disposed of through compromise, because Los Angeles could not look the national gift horse too closely in the mouth.

THERE is an international aspect also, involving Mexico's rights which our Embassy is endeavoring to settle in Mexico City. This arises since an item in the irrigation plan is the construction of an all-American canal just inside the border to replace the present one which was built at the private expense of Americans through a 60-mile strip of Mexico where the river makes its final turn into the United States.

The builders of this canal,—the farmers of the Valley, bargained with Mexico for the use of the canal as long as Mexico received half of the water. This has been found disadvantageous on this side in times of low water, and, as a matter of record, as far back as 1907 Roosevelt recommended the construction of an all-American canal. Senator King of Utah is now raising the objection that Mexico is entitled to none of the water, but his is the only voice raised with this objection at the moment.

Within seven or eight years the dam will be completed and within ten years the river will begin to bestow its full beneficence. But long before that the electric turbines will be turning and Los Angeles will be getting potable water. The full height of the dam will not be required for those uses. Then, as quickly as irrigation can be arranged, reclamation of land will follow. Dr. Mead estimated that more than two and one-half million acres now are being irrigated by the Colorado and that more than seven million acres can be served.

Adolf Hitler, German Hypnotist

(Continued from Page 257)

ation of the Fatherland from foreign and domestic [i.e. Jewish] foes," plus a fantastic economic program compounded of communism, pan-Germanism, and Hilaire Belloc's medievalism. It is a Teutonic version of the Know-Nothings, of the Ku Klux Klan, working on the genuine economic distress of the moment. All of this, of course, is accompanied by the all-powerful hypnotic oratory of the leader, beer, uniforms, cigars, music, and violence. "Roosevelt," Hitler has significantly said, "was the greatest American."

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Much mystery surrounds the source of Hitler's campaign money. He has plenty. He has, for instance, just installed his headquarters in one of Munich's most pretentious palaces. Every kind of far-fetched guess has been made. Henry Ford, Léon Daudet, the Bolsheviks, the Rhenish Industrialists, Mussolini, Poincaré. No one has yet suggested a Jewish source, but that is as probable as any of the many hinted at. It seems more likely that the money comes from the rank and file of Hitler's supporters, from wealthy women who have been enthralled by his magic, from old army officers with family estates, from young men of means carried away with impatience at less romantic policies.

Of course a little of the National Socialist money may be of foreign origin, but it seems very doubtful. Hitler is imbued with the philosophy of Henry Ford. Many small units yield a better return than a few large ones.

The significance in German politics of National Socialism is this. Its success is the most alarming symptom yet manifested of hopeless economic distress. It may mean a putsch, and bloodshed. If a putsch should come, Germany will almost certainly suppress it. The great majority of the people will never support such patent foolishness as Hitlerism. But if business conditions continue bad, and if there seems to be no other hope, a putsch might make Germany fall into the waiting arms of communism. That would mean the repudiation of Versailles and all debts, particularly external debts, both of which are, ironically enough, among Hitler's major policies.

If, however, the next few months see any alleviation of the present business depression, German Fascism will die automatically. The leaders of the other, more rational parties can proceed quietly about their business. Whatever happens, as far as Hitler's movement itself is concerned, Germans, recalling the 1923 putsch, may echo Gilbert Chesterton:

Five years ago we might have feared them;
Now, when they lift the laurelled brow,
There shall naught go up from our hosts assembled
But a laugh like thunder. We know them now.

The real question in Germany today is between a continuation of a grimly difficult *status quo* and the gordian solution of communism, of wiping the slate clean. Hitler's hypnotic nonsense can only contribute to history by forcing the issue.

Exploration Pays—Cash

(Continued from Page 263)

dorsement of the product concerned, the implication is that he is a specialist, an expert whose recommendation is worth something because of his specialized knowledge.

What a man that makes of Byrd! Not only does he labor whole-heartedly in the interests of science, but he knows all about the relative merits of various books, fountain pens, coffees, canned beans, children's sleds, medicines, typewriters, oils, insulators, and dozens on dozens of other things.

Indeed, only a partial perusal of the various items that were made famous through being picked by the Byrd expedition leaves one groping for comprehension as to how its two small ships could have carried all that mass of material down there.

It leaves one wondering, too, as to what use some of the stuff was.

One example: In all the literature of polar exploration I have yet to find a single mention of a man who caught cold in Antarctica, while I have found plenty of statements to the effect that the air down there is so pure and germ free as to preclude all possibility of catching cold. To find, then, that one manufacturer of cough drops makes capital of his products having been taken along by Byrd, comes rather as a shock, and as a vague hint that perhaps some of this exploration publicity actually tends to set back our knowledge about the remote places of the earth.

Somehow or other this great parade, this endless stream of film and paper and printers' ink, begins to lose the aspect of being "in the interests of science."

But science doesn't really care. As long as the geographers and the geologists and the biologists and the oceanographers get the facts they so badly need, they are not disturbed by the low standard of the attendant publicity. And since the scientific bodies are generally too poor to finance dignified expeditions of their own, it must in fairness be pointed out that the publicists, in spite of their warped point of view, make much of our modern exploration possible. Wilkins could not have gone very far without the help of the Detroit *News*, the N.A.N.A., the New York *Times*, and later the Hearst papers. Byrd could hardly have done his work without the support of the *Times*. Both of them would have been greatly hampered had it not been for those manufacturers who donated their products in return for the advertising value of their gifts.

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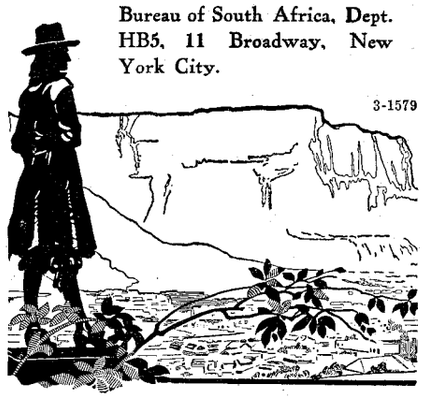

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1930.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 18; New York County Register's No. 2E10; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1932.

Business Man Golfer

(Continued from Page 255)

pete in the various championships. If Von Elm can't afford to spend $10,000 a year playing amateur golf why did he keep on going to tournaments year after year? The Tennis Association may or may not exercise moral suasion upon Davis Cup candidates to go overseas, but the golf authorities certainly don't coerce or dragoon any golfer to represent America in the Walker Cup series. An invitation is sent to each player picked for the team. He may accept or decline as he sees fit. Adequate substitutes are numerous, so he need not feel a national obligation. He understands that traveling expenses of $1000 are sanctioned by the U.S.G.A. in case the match is played overseas. If that sum seems insufficient, he should stay home and say no more.

Who gets the $55,000 taken in at Merion? One half the money goes to the club itself, to reimburse the members for the tremendous expense of preparing the course, erecting refreshment tents, press shacks and parking spaces, and for conducting the tournament. The last item amounts to a tidy sum in itself when you realize the number of officials who are needed these days.

The remaining half goes to the U.S.G.A. to be expended for the betterment of golf. It need scarcely be said that the officers of the association, men who give unselfishly of their time and energy to promote the welfare of the game, do not get a penny of the gate receipts. As a matter of fact the U.S.G.A. appropriates more money each year for its green section service to affiliated golf clubs than it obtains from the championship gate.

As one U.S.G.A. official remarked: "It seems to me that we can better further the cause of golf by assisting clubs to solve their turf problems than by doling out traveling expense money to amateurs."

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of October 11, 1950

This week at Doorn, Holland, Adolf Hitler was elected secretary of the Ex-Saber-Rattlers Society.

In "English, the Universal Language," just published, Dr. V. Z. Telli says that, owing to the prevalence of American talkies in China, 94 per cent of the adult population there understands English.

Complaints have been lodged with the Federal Radio Commission against the Byrd Interplanetary Rocket Expedition on account of the interference caused by Russell Owen's incessant broadcasting of descriptions of the other side of the moon.

The Crusade Starts

(Continued from Page 261)

homes was an adventure such as no government had ever undertaken.

Such were the potential sources of supply of a new traffic in illegal liquor. All that was needed to develop these sources and make certain that they would grow and prosper was a market for the goods so readily available. This market was assured in the circumstances in which the venture started.

For though the Eighteenth Amendment had now become the law of the land, it was admittedly a law adopted over the protest of many people. In urban sections of the country opposition to the method and philosophy of prohibition was deep-rooted. Most of the populous industrial states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Connecticut in the East; Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Minnesota in the central section; California in the West—had consistently refused to adopt state prohibition laws.

In the large cities opposition was particularly stubborn, as the result both of a prevailing set of moral values different from moral values in the smaller towns and the influence of a rich strain of recent European immigration. Time after time the cities had shown their opposition in the past. While the Eighteenth Amendment was being considered by Congress and the states, San Francisco, St. Louis, St. Paul, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit and Boston all voted on a proposal for state or municipal prohibition and all voted to reject it[29].

The question at this point is not whether opposition to prohibition was wise or unwise, but whether this opposition persisted even after the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment with enough spirit to make it count as one of the real problems in enforcement. On this point there can be no doubt. The Federal Prohibition Bureau had itself complained at the end of its first half year of work that the law was being flouted in many of the greatest cities of the country[30], and the backwash of hostility in the industrial sections was already rising.

In this same half year the legislatures of New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts adopted bills proposing to legalize light wines or beer, or both, despite the specific limitations in the Volstead Act[31]. The American Federation of Labor, with its constituency chiefly in the cities, reiterated its opposition to the law[32]. The Republican and Democratic parties, meeting at their national conventions in Chicago and San Francisco, showed themselves so well aware of the hostility to prohibition in the industrial states that they deliberately dodged the question of endorsing the Eighteenth Amendment in their platforms, though it was now a part of the Constitution and though they were specifically called upon for an endorsement[33].

Nor did opposition to the Eighteenth

29. *New York Times*, November 7, 1918: *Ibid.*; *Legislative Manual, Minnesota*, 1919, p. 624: *New York Times*, April 2, 1919; *Ohio General Statistics*, Vol. 5, p. 25; *Ibid.*; *Michigan Manual*, 1919, p. 868; *New York Times*, December 17, 1919.
30. *New York Times*, July 25, 1920.
31. *New York Times*, March 3, May 25, May 7, 1920.
32. *New York Times*, June 19, 1920.
33. *New York Times*, June 11, July 3, 1920.

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Amendment, as a factor in the problem of enforcement, develop merely in those states which had hitherto been wet. A curious change had taken place in the states which had hitherto been dry. For in many of these states people who had been able before 1920 to obtain alcoholic beverages by entirely legal means, in limited quantities or in limited percentages, now found themselves denied this legal access and therefore tempted to disobey the law.

Moreover, this substantial change had taken place: Hitherto these people living in dry states had been governed by laws which varied in their standards, their methods and their severity entirely according to local taste. Alabama permitted the importation of limited quantities of intoxicating liquor at regular intervals twice a month. Mississippi permitted the manufacture of home-made wine. Indiana legalized the possession of both beer and distilled spirits in quantities ample for personal use. In few states were the laws dealing with the difficult and time-honored problem of regulating liquor precisely alike. In some states they differed widely. In all states they followed local customs, theories and precedents. Now, however, people living in these dry states found themselves confronted suddenly by a system which imposed the same universal standard of judgment on every city, every town and every hamlet in the country. The change could scarcely fail to raise new questions of large importance.

This was the situation shaped by the first six months of the effort to enforce the law. Large problems had appeared. It is not necessary to describe these problems as insoluble, but it is perfectly clear that they transcended any estimate which assumed that this law could be enforced with a handful of agents, a little exhortation and a casual appropriation of five million dollars. The friends of prohibition who took this optimistic view were guilty of one fundamental misconception. They regarded the Eighteenth Amendment as a treaty of peace with the liquor traffic. It was, in fact, a declaration of unremitting war.

Only one agency of the government could make this war, could raise the forces needed to conduct it and equip these forces with the bold appropriations and the irresistible authority needed to suppress the ready sources of illicit liquor and force a reluctant opposition to accept the law.

This agency was Congress. The story of enforcement properly begins in the Capitol at Washington.

(To be continued)

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With Our Readers

Dr. Gratz Rejoins

To the Editor of the *Chicago*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—"Looking Forward" in the Outlook and Independent of September 24 prompts me to write to thank you for a fine illustration of the kind of journalism I was condemning. The kind that, following its prejudices, rushes into print without ascertaining the facts. If all your statements rest upon as flimsy a foundation as does this editorial, I did not say enough. My reference to certain magazines that are making editors wealthy was based on your interesting and, I thought, reliable series of which "Millions from Dumbbells" was one. But why waste words trying to show what your readers could easily guess, that your whole column was based on an inadequate newspaper report of a brief address, for which I make no apology.

I began reading the Outlook when I was a young minister and when I was under suspicion because I did read it. I never had the privilege of meeting that great Christian editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott, but I am perhaps as much indebted to him as to any single man for intellectual and spiritual help. I did not learn from him, however, how to call men who differed from me bigots or fanatics, or how to question the intelligence of those who do not see things as I see them. In your issue of July 23 you say, "the most needed thing between reasonable wets and drys is sober discussion with good faith in each other's integrity as American citizens and a common purpose to clarify the situation. Not bitter attacks upon each other's motives."

Your recent comment makes me wonder if you share in the weakness of some of us whose preaching is better than our practice. Perhaps the spirit of your reference to my speech may indicate why it is so difficult for certain drys to have confidence in your professed honesty.

I do not want to close without expressing my appreciation of the letters by James Harvey Robinson and Lillian D. Wald which you publish in the back of your issue of September 24. They really deserved the splendid type and the prominent place you gave me.

In the spirit and "not elegant" language of your younger associates may I suggest that if we are "in the belfry," then for inaccurate and biased journalism you ring the bell.

W. E. J. GRATZ.

Testing Intelligence

To the Editor of the *Los Gatos, Calif.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I do not know Mr. Archibald Rutledge, but some one should clear up some of the misunderstandings in his article, "Corralling a Comet," if only for the sake of the sapient editors of the Outlook, for whom I have the greatest respect. This whole article is a serious misrepresentation of a very valuable but little understood function in the schools, and cannot, so far as I can see, do anything but harm.

I have charge of a department in one of our high schools and have been converted to the intelligence tests by their sheer practicability and intrinsic worth. Let us take Mr. Rutledge as he comes.

Of course the tests are kept secret. Of course it does harm to almost any woman to know that her daughter has a 140 Intelligence Quotient or that her boy has an I. Q. of 57. And it hurts the boy or girl to know this. Teachers are specifically commanded to keep quiet about all such results—just as silence is required as to the findings of physicians, lawyers for the defence, psychiatrists, birth-control clinics and what not. Why does he bring this up?

He says: "It is used against her boy." What does this "against" mean? I have never used anything "against" any boy at any time. If he is a moron and cannot learn calculus we don't torture him with mathematics but give him forge work. Is this what "against" means? The twenty-five teachers in our high school are not against boys; they are for them. If a boy grades 135 I. Q. we want him for the University of California and make sacrifices to get him there. If he grades 57 we try to get him into the Southern Pacific roundhouse wiping engines. We are not against anybody. There are no "dregs" in our school.

Who considered Wagner an idiot and Napoleon a blockhead? Had there been intelligence tests in their day such a thing could not have happened. How do we know who were "solitaries" and if so, what of it? We are talking about intelligence tests . . . . We test to know if a boy shall go into third section of English or the first. If the first, then we have saved him months of time and his dad dollars of money as against the old system (which Mr. Rutledge does not even mention) of piling all sections together in a heap and letting the bright boys bite their nails while they wait for the morons to learn something.

Why does Mr. Rutledge drag in so much matter wholly extraneous to the subject? What have our tests to do with these spiritual qualities, this "stardust" he talks of? We don't test stardust. Even life does not test that. Nothing does. Plenty of stardust men are digging ditches. I know one who was a blacksmith's helper. He had stardust plus but the world never knew it . . . .

Mentality *is* judged by swiftness—in arithmetic. Accuracy and speed go together there. A boy does not need to be slow and thoughtful to add a column of five figures. It takes "flashy certainty; immediate arrival." We want to know if the boy can add. If a boy wants a week to think out a problem that should be apprehended in two minutes we want to know it. We can help that boy. If the I. Q. of James is 60, as the article says, then James can scarcely be taught to read and write, and we want him in a special class. We want to save the regular teachers and average pupils from James, and James from himself . . . .

The question is asked "whether these examiners consider their findings permanent." The answer is, yes, they do. Mr. Rutledge can find this by reading any standard on mental testing. Of course a student may be "incorrigible" today and amaze us with brilliant performance tomorrow. We never tested him for incorrigibility. He may be an incorrigible smoker, fighter, truant, even thief, and still be capable of brilliant performance. What of it?

But the radical falsity in this article, the misrepresentation that is going to do harm to the uninitiated is the continual suggestion that students who do well in the classroom are the dubs later on; and vice versa, that the boneheads and nuisances of the schools become the world's great giants—leaders, saviors, thinkers, workers, heroes, organizers, and creators of every kind.

The very reverse of this is the truth. The jails and penitentiaries are full of the school's bad boys while the leaders of American life today, from Stanford's famous alumnus down, are taken from those who did well in school, elementary, high or college . . . .

S. N. HILLYARD.

Overdoing It

To the Editor of the *Maplewood, N. J.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I have been trying to coerce myself into liking the Outlook and Independent but without much success. My subscription does not date back so far, but even in that short period there has been a marked change in the paper.

It seems to me that your articles on people and issues have taken a somewhat flippant attitude or what might be termed a "smart alec" attitude. They are clever, but they also strike me as cheap. Perhaps being a dry and not ashamed of it, I would like it better if you were not so wet, but whether wet or dry your continual harping on the subject becomes irksome. The drys are not all narrow nosed fanatics nor are all the wets conspicuous as ardent patriots who are going to save the country. I see you are going to print no more letters on the E. Haldeman-Julius controversy. Why not be equally generous and let up on the prohibition issue either pro or con? In other words give us a rest from it all.

CHARLES MCINTYRE.

Temperance by Individual Will

To the Editor of the *Austin*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—As a subscriber to your publication, I get much satisfaction from its contents, notwithstanding the fact that I do not expect any substantial results in the way of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to happen within a decade. However, I am proud to find a magazine which has the standing of yours making an attempt to educate the public along proper lines on this subject. You are certainly undertaking a very difficult thing and one that doubtless has required the exercise of much courage.

I have long since reached the conclusion that the solution of the liquor question lies in the withdrawal of all liquors intoxicating in fact from commercial channels, allowing each individual to manufacture, use, and give away in good faith as much as he sees fit and confining to public dispensaries under proper regulation the manufacture and distribution of alcohol for medicinal, scientific and industrial purposes. My idea has been, and is, that much of the evil flowing from the use of intoxicants by the public could be eliminated, if the profit could be taken out of its manufacture and distribution. I was led to the contemplation of this plan by reason of the historical fact that the evils flowing from the use of alcohol in the United States were minimized until the federal government conceived the idea of levying a heavy tax upon its manufacture and distribution. This plan was inaugurated some time during the war between the states and has been followed with increasing levies of tax up to the present time, resulting in increasing the price of the article and diminishing its quality, both of which have been detrimental to the public. Moreover, I believe the adoption of this plan in connection with the dissemination of information concerning the evils of the use of intoxicants would result in practical prohibition, not by governmental edict, but by the individual will of the citizen applied to himself in his daily walk.

HUGH B. SHORT.

Prohibition in Canada

To the Editor of the *Calgary, Alberta*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—Your magazine is interested in temperance by self-restraint rather than by as yet impossible law.

In Canada we have passed through all the stages. Prohibition was repealed here by the votes of moderate church people many of whom were themselves teetotalers, but had grown tired of bootleggers flaunting their ill gotten gains. If liquor must be sold, they reasoned, then let the various Provincial Governments do it, supplying good stuff at a fair price and with any profits going to the state to reduce taxation.

Thus in our campaigns you saw the spectacle of substantial and regular Protestant church goers openly supporting repeal and sitting in the same church services with those opposing and listening to the preachers favoring prohibition. The churchmen helped to give an air of respectability to the repeal campaign and still continued in their church attendance. After ten years they are doing the same. Both the wets and the drys know that this very moderate element controls the situation. Should liquor be again abused they will work and vote for further restrictions. The result is that we have in Canada well enforced and well respected liquor laws with no inducement to make sales for the sake of profit.

The worst evil under prohibition was drinking among young people by way of bravado. It was a real thrill to get what was forbidden. Bravado has entirely disappeared. Juvenile drinking is very much less as all of us parents know and appreciate. While favoring our present laws allowing open sale, we all look forward to the time when education shall have advanced to the point where it will be almost universally considered foolish to drink and prohibition will be in vogue by voluntary consent.

C. T. JONES.

Metaphoric

To the Editor of *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I don't like your attitude toward prohibition nor toward President Hoover, and until you feel differently, I cannot read the magazine without getting hot under the collar.

There are many views on all questions and about all people, I understand, but a magazine of the standing of the Outlook should help to enforce this experiment, before condemning it and trying to end it.

I would welcome frank criticism of President Hoover, but sarcastic digs are not becoming to you to publish, nor for me to read. Why not help a man in a very hard position instead of picking holes to belittle him?

MARY P. NEWSOM.

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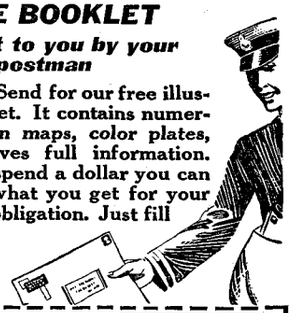

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With Our Readers

The Institute of Politics

To the Editor of the *New York*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I am astounded to read in the article by Mr. Loeb, quoted in today's New York *Sun*, about the "lunatic fringe" who go to Williamstown.

I have attended the Institute at Williamstown three different years, having traveled in the intervening years in Mexico and the southern hemisphere. I was at the conferences referred to by Mr. Loeb and presided over by Mr. Lee. They occupied four hours out of the hundred and twenty hours of roundtables, conferences, and lectures I attended this year.

Why should a standard magazine broadcast such statements when it could draw upon such men as Professor Gay of Harvard, leader of one roundtable, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Lord Eustace Perry, Sir Herbert Ames, Admiral Hepburn, or Dr. Paul Mantoux? If you wanted well-known writers you could have called on Thomas Millard, Henry Kittredge Norton, A. T. Polyzoides, or Victor Rosewater.

Did Mr. Loeb intend to set himself up as a judge of James T. Shotwell, Stephen T. Duggan, Prof. Eugene Wambaugh of Harvard, and Walter Simons, at one time acting President of Germany? I met all of these at the Institute this year.

Some members of the Institute will not be surprised at the attitude shown in Mr. Loeb's words, because they heard remarks attributed to him while there. They will only be surprised that you are willing to publish the article.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Plan for Liquor Control

To the Editor of the *Seattle*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—In your issue of September 3, 1930, in your leading article entitled, "One Way Out," you give the views of Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach on the much discussed subject of national prohibition and you suggest consideration and invite discussion by your readers and of citizens everywhere . . . .

Now, there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to whether or not the Volstead Act can be modified or liberalized so as to carry out Mr. Auerbach's views, or to allow thereunder light wines and beers, or to increase the percentage of alcohol in intoxicating liquors, or to rewrite it so as to make it interpret the Eighteenth Amendment as relating to only distilled liquors and not fermented wines and beers and various other proposals.

Leaving aside all sophistry and hypocrisy, it seems clear that the Eighteenth Amendment intended to prohibit all traffic in intoxicating drinks of all kinds in these United States and the only honest way out of difficulties, that is provided the people have decided that national prohibition is a failure, is as follows:—

First. Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and leave the regulation of the liquor business to the states as it originally was.

Second. Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment by passing a substitute amendment of some kind.

Mr. Auerbach says that he has not come to any definite decision as to the exact phraseology of any substitute amendment, therefore the suggestion is hereby advanced that this proposed new substitute amendment proposed to supplant the now existing Eighteenth Amendment be worded as follows:

Section 1. The Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate, control and prohibit the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors, both fermented and distilled, within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for all purposes.

Section 2. The Congress and the several states shall have the concurrent power to enforce this article by passing appropriate legislation.

Section 3. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by Congress.

It will be readily seen that this proposed new amendment differs principally from the now existing Eighteenth Amendment by vesting Congress with not only the power to prohibit, as is provided in the Eighteenth Amendment, but also with the power to limit, regulate and control the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors.

This proposed new amendment is more flexible than the Eighteenth Amendment and under it, Congress would have the power to vary the application of the laws pertaining to intoxicating liquors so as to meet the needs and desires of the several states and make it possible for the federal government to submit to them, for a choice of one, these two alternative propositions which follow:

First. Total state-wide prohibition for such states as choose to have it, with the burden of responsibility for enforcement on the state with the federal government co-operating and supervising to a certain extent.

Second. Manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors for such states as elect to have it; under terms, conditions and limitations in accordance with laws enacted by Congress, with both state and federal authorities co-operating to enforce them.

This would be a flexible arrangement and under this proposed amendment the handling of the liquor problem would be taken out of the straight-jacket, in which it now is under the Eighteenth Amendment, and it would be possible to have almost any system desired. Furthermore, any system adopted could be changed and improved when necessary from time to time as experience proved it advisable and probably in time a thoroughly American system, which might be superior to any other system, may be developed.

The foregoing plan is hereby submitted for consideration.

G. O. W.

Helping the Farmer

To the Editor of the *Detroit*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—In the issue of October 1 Mr. M. D. Follin's article, "A Citizen Looks at the Farmer," is indeed worthy of commendation. Mr. Follin treats a difficult and most pressing problem in an admirable and new way. By his close and keen analysis of the subject matter he has shown all those interested in farming a way to cut down the unnecessary overhead caused by a well established system called "the miller" who reduces the grain to flour and thereby reaps an unusually large and unwarranted benefit of the farmers' labor.

I hope Mr. Follin will write another interesting article on the same topic as he knows his subject quite fully.

FRITZ HAILER.

In Praise of Book Agents

To the Editor of the *Chicago*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I am surprised that you, as editor of a magazine which enjoys the reputation of The Outlook and Independent, should publish an article like the one which appears in the August 20th number entitled, "I'm a College Boy, Ma'am," by Raymond F. Howes.

I do not know who this man Howes is, but he confesses that he was a failure as a subscription salesman, and he as much as admits that he knew he was working for a crooked company when he was selling maps.

Many of the statements he makes about subscription companies in general are untrue. I have been in the publishing business for a long time and I know that we have never countenanced the methods which he claims are used almost universally by subscription salesmen and their representatives.

Our salesmen who are selling the New Indexed Bible are having this article flaunted in their faces everywhere they go.

Mr. Howes takes the liberty of quoting from some of our advertising literature, and as evidence of his unfairness he takes sentences out of their context and twists them around to suit his sinister purpose . . . .

In the first place we do not claim that our salesman, George Salstrand, made $2300.45 one summer selling Bibles. As you will see from the circular enclosed, this is the amount of money he collected in first payments from January 5 to September 14.

For your information as well as for Mr. Howes', let me say that George Washington was a book agent, and a good one. Prior to Braddock's expedition he sold over three hundred copies in Fairfax and other counties in Virginia of a work on the American Savage.

Jay Gould and Ralph Waldo Emerson were in early life book canvassers, so also was Longfellow, and his success was remarkable. Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by selling books. General Grant at one time took an agency for Irving's *Columbus*. Bret Harte was a book agent in California in 1849 and '50. Ex-president Hayes footed it all over southern Ohio selling Baxter's *Lives of the Saints*. Many others whose names emblazon the pages of history largely owe their success in life to the experience obtained while engaged in this laudable and honorable calling . . . . Gladstone once said that the greatest public benefactor is the man who sells good books . . . .

It is surprising to know that the subscription book business more than equals the value of the entire cotton crop of the United States every year. This is shown to be true by official statistics. No other business is increasing so rapidly in volume and popularity with the people. It therefore affords a splendid outlet to men and women of energy and spirit who have no capital to go into business for themselves.

Mr. Howes says, "The value of the goods offered for sale usually plays little part in the salesman's success; nor does his success depend to any great extent on his training, for ordinarily he has had no previous sales experience. It depends almost entirely upon the pulling power of his stereotyped talk. Nearly every company demands that he mention his poverty and his overwhelming thirst for knowledge." This is the bunk.

The late President Garfield once said in addressing a graduating class of young man—"It is the trained and qualified man who makes his life tell. Without training and qualification we are left on the sea of luck where thousands go down to where one succeeds." In the same address he complimented the students of that graduating class who had paid their expenses through college canvassing during their summer vacations.

I have been a reader of the Outlook for many years but if it is going to publish articles like this you are going to lose not only one reader, but many more from publishing houses which have supported your magazine in times past.

G. C. BUXTON.

French But Foolish

To the Editor of the *Paris, France*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—You say that "the spectacle of the powerful French government bearing down on William Randolph Hearst and inviting him to leave the country is almost too foolish to be true."

Was it foolish? You quote what Hearst himself said about the alleged foolishness (he had to say something more or less embarrassing for him in the circumstances), but you don't explain why it was foolish.

I fail to see anything foolish in the French government's action. In fact, I consider that it was logical and dignified. Hearst's ironical reference to his "endangering" the great French nation, which you seem to repeat with pleasure, is only twaddle. Also in your supposition, or presumption, that Hearst emerged from the case with flying colors, while the French government emerged looking and probably feeling silly, you are as far from the reality as you could be. I'm quite sure that the French government doesn't feel that way at all. In your own particular case, Mr. Editor, if a man betrays your confidence, in addition to having insulted and libeled you during a number of years, and then comes into your house, are you going to invite him to remain there or request him to leave?

The United States government frequently bans vaguely objectionable persons or individuals and it doesn't hesitate to deport a few unimportant and uninfluential specimens now and then. The French government expelled a character who has "influence." Persons like Hearst and Lloyd George should not set foot on French soil after all they have said and done.

The French government's action was justified and dignified. Moreover—*charbonnier est maitre dans sa maison.*

J. M. ERWIN.

Back to the Soil

To the Editor of the *Wilkes-Barre*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—In the days when your magazine was run by men who had ideas, ideals and brains, it would have been a privilege to get it at double the price which you now ask.

The "hicks" among the bricks are obtuser than the "hicks" out in the "sticks." Turn over, stretch your arms and rub your eyes.

E. H. WILLIAMS.

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